

Dear scum,

Your paper stinks.

I don't like your

left-wing bias. You

waste too much space.

You write bad. Your

layout is stupid.

This is the eighties

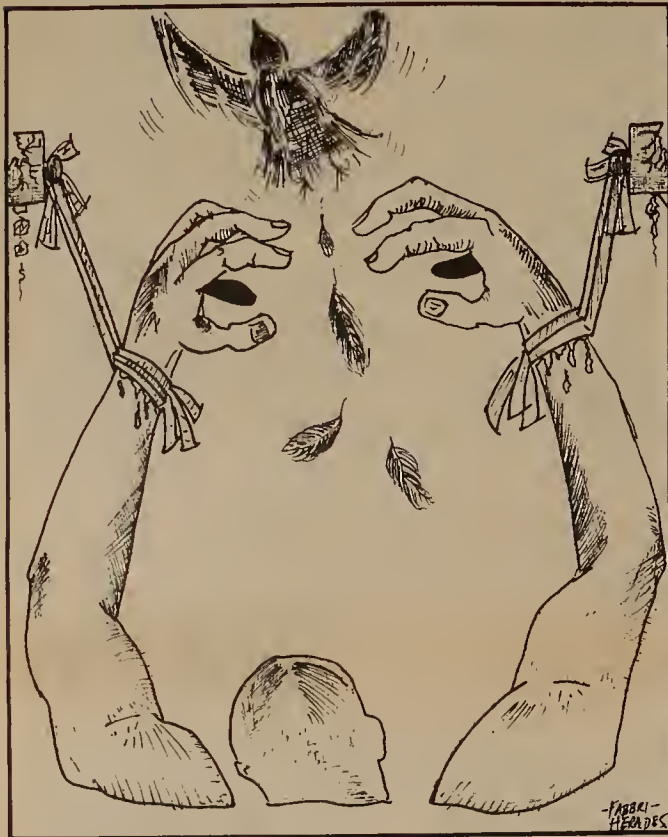
Disgruntled
Student.



The Innis Herald is published monthly by the Innis College Student Society and printed at Walker Publishing Company Ltd. The opinions expressed herein are attributable only to their authors. Letters to the editor should be addressed to The Editor, The Innis Herald, Innis College, 2500 Ave. , Toronto, Ont. M5S 1J5



"You hypocrite — you killed him, I have nothing to say to you."
— Krystle Carington in a tiff,
responding to the Moldavian
terrorist who just spoiled her
step-daughter's wedding and killed her gay step-son's lover.



MORAL OUTRAGE

I hate apartheid. Evidently everyone does, including, I believe, Mr. Reagan and Mr. Botha. But somehow my hatred seems more pure, less qualified, absolute even. And acting upon this collective sentiment is another story — stickier, morally complex issues arise. Suddenly elaborate justifications are required — we are told there are far worthier objects of revulsion. By directing one's wrath upon South Africa, one tacitly condones the far more heinous regimes of Black Africa through silence. The "moral-blindness" argument is powerful — calling into question the sincerity and ideological motivations of anti-apartheid demonstrators and supporters of divestment. However cloaked as it is in some notion or moral hierarchy, it becomes the age-old convenient right-con apologetics for the excesses of our Western allies, from Chile to the Philippines, a recipe for non-action. Because there are far worse regimes, and especially the Evil Empire, one is absolved of responsibility for the lesser evils in one's own backyard. That crimes are being committed by blacks against other blacks in other African states does not in any way diminish the criminal culpability of the white South African government for its daily barbaric actions against the majority of its population. And as allies, but especially as a multi-million dollar trading partner, we are least morally complicit in the operations of the Government of South Africa. Furthermore, divestment of holdings in a state like Uganda is not really going to alter that country's political landscape. Divestment in South Africa, as Bishop Desmond Tutu continually and eloquently reminds us, will however, significantly

affect that country's leaders.

Using the logic of hte Right, one should ask whether it is proper to protest underfunding or support the Jerry Lewis Telethon while Soviet tanks are still in Afghanistan or Soviet arms are being shipped to Nicaragua. If all other considerations, moral responsibilities, loyalties, are secondary to defeating Communism, anything is game under this neatly arranged paradigm, including the institutionalized oppression of 23 million blacks. It is impossible to be moral everywhere and at once. When it serves them, right-con journalists can play the voice of Moral Outrage — as if they reported on the atrocities of black African states with any regularity. They set the agenda — they give us a white picture of the world, and when there is a response to this selective vision, they become colour-blind humanitarians.

South Africa is an anomaly worthy of contempt; a legacy of an earlier age with easily identifiable villains and a reprehensible Ideology of Racism enshrined in its constitution. Unlike the morally complex diffusion of Evil and random terror of the modern bureaucratic State, South Africa is an anachronism that should have disappeared. It stands as an embarrassing reminder of the foundations of Western democracies. When people respond, when they call for divestment, they do so not out of trendy or ideological affiliations, but as a gesture of responsibility, a way of righting history, in an increasingly frustrating, morally complex world. It may be futile, but it's not hopeless. At least it's something.

This year Paul and Jim decided to present two editorials per issue — each one taking a different side. However, every now and then (like this month) the editorials will be virtually identical. Sorry but that's how it's got to be.

REASON

George Connell bugs me.

I thought, upon reading the headline of *The Newspaper* that "Connell proposes new policy on divestment" that I'd have to throw away my original editorial condemning his actions. I don't. I'll explain why later:

Apartheid isn't nice.

I know this. You know this. Even George Connell know this. But Connell insists that the University has no moral obligation to divest. Obviously he's wrong.

In a state of rapturous empty-headedness, Connell claims that "the university, above all other institutions...should not use its own economic power to influence the conduct of other individuals and corporations." But why not? I can understand the university resisting an official position on abortion, capital punishment or censorship but if we're all so united in our moral outrage regarding apartheid — and we seem to be — then what's the problem? Were Connell transported back into the thirties would he object to institutional pressure against Nazism — would that merely be individual prerogative? Does unanimous disgust not warrant unanimous action?

Connell is correct when he states the obvious: "We are free to boycott South African products, to write to our members of Parliament, to buy stocks and speak out at shareholders' meetings. The University is a community in which that kind of engagement can take place." So what? Connell knows as well as everyone else that those free to divest our six million dollars in holdings but in the discourse of the status quo this is "inappropriate".

We should also be unamused by Kevin Nightingale, a full-time undergraduate rep on

the Governing Council, who claims with stunning naivete, that "the University is not here to right injustice...that is the responsibility of courts and legislatures. Our responsibility is to educate individuals. I personally boycott South African products but I am not in favour of a University boycott". Why boycott South African products though? Isn't their responsibility to produce? Aren't we leaving morality up to (choke) "courts and legislatures".

Our responsibility here on planet earth is always to right injustices by whatever ethical means are at our disposal. If a university boycott of corporations implicitly supporting apartheid will further that moral goal then so be it. What both Connell and Nightingale do is to fragment morality. But morality is always an issue: it belongs to all sectors of life.

Why, if Connell has a new divestment policy, should I not retract my editorial? Well, Connell's partial divestment is almost no divestment at all. His amendment is to divest U of T's holdings from companies that "fail to meet the Government of Canada's guidelines". As Peter Rosenthal, from the Dept. of Mathematics points out in *The Bulletin*: "the government guidelines are admitted by all (including the government) to be very weak." Divestment means divestment from all companies that support South Africa, a vile regime: not, then, because the companies are explicitly disgusting (many are) but because of their implicit guilt in supporting Pretoria.

In *The Varsity*, ASSU executive member Lise Betteridge says "in a word, I'm disgusted." In as many words, we, too, are disgusted.

LETTER(S)

The Innis Herald has an open letters policy. Please ensure that letters are typed (double spaced), signed (with telephone number) and free from sexist, racist, homophobic, anti, libellous or just plain dumb content; letters may be edited or rejected on these grounds or undue length. Opinions expressed in letters, like all submissions, are attributable only to their authors; no liability is attached to the Innis Herald, the Innis College Student Society or to the publisher.

Dear Jim and Paul
(and whoever else),

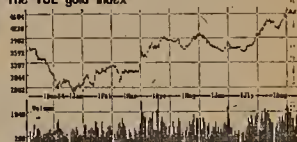
I pray that despite what has been whispered about by foul little subversive mouths you are not going to turn this great tabloid into one of those overly slick "newsmagazines" such as found closer to Innis than one would care to admit. Please tell me you've decided to turn your backs on the "look at da pictures" attitude to journalism that has got a nasty hold on certain campus newspapers.

Sure, these trendy tabloids do serve as an example of the direction in which modern journalism is heading. In this context, guess their multi-pages of pictures don't seem out of place. However, when you consider that a great percentage of the university populace can read, the pictures seem only a substitute for substance. I'm not suggesting they are totally lacking in substance; indeed, they do contain concise, well-written — albeit short — articles usually accompanied by very large photos. Pictures are nice but print is never dead.

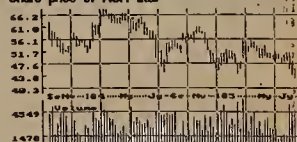
This is not to say that the *Herald* should totally refrain from using the visual media. Use photos, but please do not base your newspaper on them. Dedicate yourselves to the preservation of print, the glorious come-off-in-your-hands print that was good enough for the *Telegram* and today lives on in the *Globe*.

Yours,
C. Davis

The TSE gold index



Share price of ASA Ltd.



CANADIAN gold share prices have climbed 50%, while the South African crisis has depressed prices of that country's stocks by a quarter. Columnist Reid says the time may be ripe for speculators to jump in.

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NEWS

by Dave Young

After one of the most successful orientations in recent Innis history, one might have hoped for greater involvement in the Innis College Student (ICSS) - wrong again.

Last week, the ICSS opened nominations for the positions of Social Rep, Farm Rep, Clubs Rep and Education Commissioner. After a week, nominations were closed with only two positions filled: Social Rep by Richard Lautens and Farm Rep by John Caivano. The other positions are still open. Many explanations have been offered as to why the positions were not more hotly contested.

Partial fault must lie on the laps of the Executive of the ICSS, suggested Simon Cotter when he stated "the Executive sets the pace for the college," and added that this year, "there's no pep; the executive exudes casualty."

"I don't agree," commented Sirje Jarvel, ICSS Vice President Government, "the early closing of the Pub was also a factor."

"There was no follow up to the successful orientation after they (the students) sobered up," she added. As well, Jarvel noted that the 13 positions on the College Council (the body which deals with matters concerning the college separate from the student society) were "filled with relative ease."

Art Wilson, President of the ICSS, agreed, pointing out that the September response to

College Council was far more enthusiastic than earlier this spring when only 5 of the 8 vacancies were filled. As well, he pointed out that involvement in the ICSS seems to be cyclical: two years ago, there was little involvement yet last year, all the positions were filled easily.

"Basically, no one gives a damn about political issues," he added.

The position of Education Commissioner may have been a victim of this anti-political backlash. The commissioner's duties involve organizing events of public interest monthly. Last year, the Education Commissioner set up speeches on the abortion issue as well as presentations by Anna Manamova, a noted Soviet dissident.

"We're trying to find someone to fill this position," said Jarvel, adding that it was an "important position" but "the hardest to fill."

"According to the constitution, we (ICSS) can appoint a person to the job," said Wilson, noting that this would probably be the case for both the Clubs Rep and Education Commissioner.

Unless the positions are filled, they will receive no representation at the budget meeting Monday, October 7, although Jarvel noted that provisions would be made to leave some funds open for Clubs and Education use.

INNIS UNDERFUNDING

by Mark Lyall

While underfunding may be blamed for the death of many U of T courses this year, budget cuts resulted in only one Innis College course deletion.

INI 351H, Stage Design Since 1940, was dropped from the 85-86 calendar. Despite Innis losing only one course to the underfunding guillotine, college principal John Browne believes Innis has fared no better than other U of T colleges.

"Everybody's being treated equally" Browne said regarding this year's budget distribution. "Having one of the smallest budgets in the university, however, means that a little hurts a lot."

According to Browne, Stage Design since 1940 was deleted because it was unrelated to the Innis theme programmes, "it is common sense that the core courses are the ones to fight for." The importance of a course to core programmes is the prime factor to consider when putting budget cuts into effect. Other factors are if the course is a prerequisite and whether or not a contract exists with the instructor.

Innis' teaching budget is determined by the Dean of Arts and Science and changes from

year to year. There were "no cuts at all" the year before last, recalls Browne.

Although INI 351H could have been offered at University College, it meant "changing the Course", Browne said. "I assume Larry Shafer (INI 351H instructor) didn't come to an agreement with University College."

Another course not offered at Innis this session is INI 233Y, Family and Community. It was dropped after professor Maureen Fitzgerald resigned in favour of accepting the editorship of Women's Press. Despite the negative handling of this issue in *The Varsity*, Browne contends that INI 233Y was "cut not because we did not have the money for it" but because the instructor had tendered her resignation.

Many other Innis courses have traditionally only been offered in alternate years. This, however, is not due to underfunding. Instead, instructors of these courses are often on loan from other departments.

The one truth that emerges is that fiscal concerns result in a constantly changing academic calendars at U of T. Browne said he couldn't say which courses were in jeopardy next year: "the budget hasn't been made yet".

ART FOR ART'S SAKE

by Art Wilson

Never hire an interior decorator to decorate the interior of anything.

By now, everyone is aware of the changes that have taken place in the Innis Pub. In fact, the Pub is no more. The room still exists, one can find good food (finally) and drink (still), but it is not a pub. This may not be evident to the untrained eye, but to a true pub aficionado, all the subtle, tell-tale signs of non-pubness are present. To begin with, pubs generally do not have red, vinyl, pseudo-checkerboard action, snap-on "things" covering their tables. They rarely, if ever, have a slew of posters advertising movies that none of us has ever seen. One will hardly ever find a yellow torture chamber in a pub, and never will one find a purple arborite tray stand designed for midget dwarves in said chambers.

I don't want to sound hypercritical about the new Innis whateveritis. To be honest, I don't despise all aspects of the new decor. If the red vinyl things were removed—perhaps they could be donated as flags to some emerging nation of checker players—the purple arborite was scraped—prolonged exposure can cause temporary impotence or dinette set worship—and yellow paint was lost, the decor would move from the category of the fairly vile to that of the non-descript but unobtrusive.

Luckily the decor is not mirrored in the food or the clientele. When you walk through

the door, and around the white arborite obilisk which completely blocks the view upon entering, you find a diverse collection of people enjoying a good meal or merely a cold beer. As you make your way cautiously across the floor and enter the aforementioned torture chamber, you notice that your shoelace is untied. Stooping to tie it you notice a small stack of trays in a sea of purple. "Why, that's clever," you think. "How ingenious to put the trays where people can conveniently grab one after tying their laces."

As you take your tray and cutlery, you finally realize the true significance of the chrome and vinyl 4-place dinette set, with insertable leaves that allow you to seat 6, or 8 in a pinch, for entertaining larger groups. Turning now to the menu board, you select from among the culinary delights that await the restaurateur at Innis. The food in your plate stares sensually at you.

But the all-too-familiar stirrings of sexual arousal that should accompany a meal of this calibre are strangely absent. An evil purple chuckle floats on the wind. Your heart skips a beat as the always charming Mike "Cuddles" Friend accepts a surprisingly paltry sum for the exotic delights on your tray. Leaving the chamber and descending into the light, you realize your journey is complete, and that sex is out of the question for a time.

A faint odour wafts through the air. It is purple and malevolent.

GUEST EDITORIAL

by Simon Cotter

A million years ago, when designs for the present Innis building were being discussed, the planners decided that the Pub and the Town Hall should be the centre of college life. For this reason, the Pub was designed to be a cozy, comfortable, English style Pub, complete with a dart board, home-cooked food and great big captain's chairs.

The Stub Lane Pub, as it was called, was a great success, both as a student's place to hang out and a great place to eat. The food was prepared by John and Marlene McHugh and as in most Ma and Pa operations, a great deal of pride was taken in what was served. Stub Lane Pub soon became famous for having the best food on campus.

Many students from other colleges would come to the Pub for their food, get caught up in college life and would later transfer. Innis had more students trying to transfer into it than prestigious Trinity.

Good things cannot last forever, though, and budgetary restraint forced Ma and Pa out to make way for a profit making venture run by SACA Foods. SACA's manager, Thelma Henderson, made an attempt to keep the food portions and quality high. However, both of these standards were forced to slip in the face of the profit motive. And the only thing that seemed to be on a steady increase was the prices.

In the eyes of the students, this made things more expensive but the Pub itself was left unchanged and was therefore worthwhile.

Time for a dramatic plot twist. After six years of proprietorship, SACA didn't consider the returns great enough to bid on the Innis contract anymore. Enter Versa Foods (the Darth Vader of the College Catering Business). Prices went up, food quality and quantity went down and petitions flew like confetti. By Christmas, a happy medium was worked out and the pub continued to be the centre of student life despite the higher prices.

September 1985. The Empire Strikes Back. Our Pub was turned into a trendy cafeteria. Comfortable captain's chairs were replaced by flimsy pressed wood chairs that can't even support the weight of a winter coat on the back without falling over. The new orange and cherry red colour scheme makes the students more prone to lose their lunch than to order some.

To make matters worse, Vladniks (Innis Residence students) no longer have a food plan offered them at Innis by Versa. Last year, Vlad was beginning to become involved at Innis despite the fact that most of them (particularly science students) had no reason to come here.

Since no mistakes connected with the Pub are complete without changing the Menu, the Innis Cafe is now serving "trendy food". I think I speak for all non-Vic students when I say quiche is not food. To be fair, however, the lasagna is good, but one look around the room at lunch hour proves that students aren't eating here. The once packed Pub now has loads of available seating and at least half of the occupied seats seem to be taken by U of T staff from Innis, Woodsworth, Robarts, etc... The fact that Pub hours were cut back from a 6:30 p.m. closing to a 3:00 p.m. closing was proof that Versa was trying to discourage student traffic in their cafe. But it's not their cafe—it's our Pub!

Pressure from the ICSS and, more importantly, Principal John Browne won an extension of the Pub hours until 6:00 p.m. starting Monday, September 20. It is hoped but not yet known if this will bring the students back to their Pub. You can be sure that some of the first year students usually drawn into Innis by the Pub in the first month will not return to discover the new hours. One can only hope that the appropriate changes will be made to make some students feel welcome in their own college.

I.C.S.S.

PAY ATTENTION!

Budget Meeting
Oct. 7 1985

4:00 p.m.

RM 209 (old Innis)
This is important.

Volume XIX Number 2

Innis College - University of Toronto

October 1985

BEER TILL SIX

by Andrew S. Liebmann

After almost a month in operation it is time to take a look at the "New" Innis Pub. At the beginning of the new school year it opened up with a redecorated eating area, some new equipment, and an entirely different menu. Missing from the new "Innis café" is the meal plan, and therefore breakfast and supper service.

The changes both physically and to the menu have seriously altered the conditions. Other changes, such as higher prices, shorter hours, and the termination of the meal plan, indicate that a different clientele is being sought. There has been speculation as to whether the students of Innis were being neglected in favour of an older (and richer) graduate student and faculty crowd. John Browne (principal of Innis) does not believe that this is the case.

"I think a fairly shrewd attempt (by VERSA Foods) has been made to have some diversity across campus rather than duplicating the menu everywhere," he says, adding that "There is no doubt in my mind that we have benefited from it."

At Innis this means a higher quality of food is being offered at a slightly lower price. It has also meant that more money has been spent on furniture, equipment, and decoration.

Despite Browne's assertion that the needs of the student have not been ignored, they have been neglected. Lost in the rush for a new, improved, and profitable eatery was the fact that the pub is a meeting place for members of the Innis community that may have little else in common. Aside from Orientation events, there has been almost no chance for new students to meet and get to know other Innisites, and returning students who would normally come to the pub after classes for a coffee or a beer have taken to deserting the college shortly after the 3 p.m. closing.

Concerned with the noticeable drop in morale and college spirit, I, after consulting with Art Wilson (ICSS president), contacted John Browne about the situation. John went to work contacting Alex Malcolm of Administrative Services at Simcoe Hall. Meanwhile a student petition was started and in the space of a few days was signed by over 150 people including staff, faculty, and non-Innisites.

Pub manager Mike Friend (who is more commonly known as Fuzz — even by his mother) was always in favour of keeping the pub open later. Fuzz says that he had indicated this to his boss (Jim Thornton of VERSA) at the beginning of the year. It seems that since there was to be no supper served, one shift was all that VERSA wanted, which caused 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. to become the new pub hours.

When first approached about this matter John Browne noted that everyone at Innis was in agreement with keeping the pub open later. Now, after going through time consuming channels he believes that the rest of the system is in agreement. Alex Malcolm has contacted Mr. Paolini at Campus Beverage Services, who is favourably disposed towards the idea; Fuzz is looking for a few students to work after the VERSA staff have finished serving lunch (from 3 p.m.); and at press time, John Browne was optimistic that extended service would be offered until 6 p.m., with a possibility of the pub being closed at 2 p.m. to balance the cash and to do the kitchen clean up.

After a slow start it looks like the pub — even though changed — will again become the social center of Innis. Students will soon be able to use the excuse of a cup of coffee and a muffin, or "Just one more beer" to stop by, and end up spending some time after classes. Who knows, we may even begin to see the resurgence of Hacky-Sack on the green!

VLAD UPDATE

by Ken Sarner

Welcome (back) to your local retreat from reality, to the alternate universe where the surreal is real, the real is surreal, and the beer is always warm. Particularly, welcome (back) to Vlad, snug in the shadow of Robarts Library (source of all wind).

So far it has been an intriguing first month—from the first day, in which we learned that someone just a grenade's throw away, up in the hierarchy of the university had deprived us of our ability to hold parties at the house. (Although if Rory chooses to buy 30 cases of beer, and Pete decides to rent a stereo and an album or 20, and some other people run around spreading false rumours about a party at Vlad, well, coincidence is a funny thing sometimes...) or tonight, when Eaton and William risked life and limb to toilet paper Sally's room. Somewhere in the middle of all that, we dumped water on the incoming Freshmen and Mike (Rambo) McGuire, fresh from his glorious victories on the raft at Innisfree (and my leg still hurts as I think of it) has announced that everyone on the roof had better walk around in groups or face his vengeance.

Also this month, Michelle Baily, in her last act as house manager, called the video game company and had the free video game removed and replaced by a 25 CENT ONE. There was little rejoicing.

Our basement, which at the beginning of the month was home to five ex-Vladniks who had nowhere else to live, faced the slow leakage of bodies who oozed out to live elsewhere. Now it's empty, and the world is not quite as bright as it was. There's something irresistibly appealing about people crashing in a basement which vanishes when these people head out, leaving behind nothing but a badly out-of-tune piano and a half-empty bottle of shampoo.

That just about covers all the printable news from Vlad this month. Hard to believe there's only six more of these articles to go. If any of you Innisites, who everyone assures me really are out there, want to get in on any of the renowned Vlad inanities, feel welcome to drop by 651 Spadina and buy us all beer. Hope to see you there, er, that is, here. Until next month, may none of your tuna be rancid.

GILLES FAIT DU COQ A L'ANE

First, let me introduce myself. My name is Gilles, the guy with the funny French accent. I am your Vice-President Student Services. Okay, what does a V.P.S.S. do? Roughly a V.P.S.S. and some other competent representatives are "supervising" the social, cultural, academic or sportive activities at Innis. That, fortunately, does not mean that I am in charge of everything, but if you have any questions or ideas during the year, you can feel free to see me in and out of the college.

If you don't mind, I will do a bit of "coq a l'ane" here! I would like to thank and congratulate Richard Lautens and David Marcovitz for the great job they did to put Innisiation together.

The women's flag football team looks good and plays very well, but we still need more players. There's still time to join the team—give me a call.

Now, do not forget, the money we spend on events at the college is your money; so get involved, play a sport, come to a student affairs meeting, enjoy the parties, cheer for a team, etc... You'll love Innis!

Ed Gilles Poitras, V.P.S.S.
599-5450

BURK'S BOX

This space was reserved for Scott Burk. Next time Scott? Oct. 30. Be there.

UNITED WAY CAMPAIGN

Innis College is deeply involved in this year's United Way Campaign. I am co-chairman of the university campaign and SAC President, Scott Burk, last year's ICSS President, has organized a student "marathon" as a fundraiser.

I urge students to run in the "marathon" (Sunday, October 6 — details available through the ICSS) — the prize is free parking from October 7th to 31st in the PROVOST's spot directly behind Simcoe Hall.

Please participate in the "marathon" for the United Way and make sure that Innis does well — otherwise Scott and I will be terribly embarrassed, and I may be asked to be co-chairman again next year ("you'll do it 'til you get it right..."). John W. Browne
Principal

OOOOOPS,....

The Herald wishes to apologize to Dennis Duffy for comments made in the last edition of the paper. We were misinformed that he was on "unpaid leave" when, in fact, he is teaching a full course load for the English department and has been cross-appointed to Innis College. Yay.

OOOooops! We spelled Sylvia Ritz-Munroe's name wrong last issue in the Directory. That's Ritz-Munroe with a "u". In addition, please note that she has a first name and it is Sylvia.

Oh, and we left the "Zryd" off the "Michael John Powers" in the Awards column.

And, lest we forget, there was that line missing in the Dave Shaw piece. Sorry Dave.

RICHARD FOR RICHARD'S SAKE

What can I say? Innisiation was a huge success—and more importantly, a lot of fun. Each of the events was well-attended by students. In the past, Orientation has been a subsidized party for the older students but this year we had a great deal of first-years participating. I can only hope that everyone who attended the orientation events will continue to be active throughout the year.

The pub crawl was once again the most popular event. After a small debate over the points system, we finally managed to dispatch the 100 plus students. By the end of the evening, well over 150 crawlers made it into the Hanger (the SAC Pub) to end the evening. It has been suggested that a winter pub crawl be organized so watch out.

The other well-attended event was our first party. By 10 o'clock, we had approximately 160-170 people in and around the pub—perhaps it was the free hot dogs? This party was also attended by members of New College and UC (how much was spent?) who claimed that their college orientations were a drag and wanted to transfer to Innis.

With 11 days of events, Innis' orientation was the longest on campus. There was some question as to whether this would be too long, but there was a lot of participation throughout this period.

I cannot urge all of Innis' students strongly enough to remain active with the college throughout the year. We have pubs, farm-weekends, a formal and a variety of other events taking place throughout the year; you'll really miss out if you don't attend.

Thank you all very much for a great Innisiation. I would particularly like to thank Dave Marcovitz, my co-chairman, and Gilles Poitras, VP Services, for all their help during the orientation. And remember that all of you who participated are well.

Anyone want to buy a shirt?

Richard Lautens
Innisiation Co-chairman
Social Rep

THE RIGHT STUFF

by Tom Vaivada

Just recently, the Prime Minister of Canada had an opportunity to celebrate two important events on the same day: the birth of a new son, and one year in power in Ottawa. While I noted the normal pride and thankfulness in the voice of the Prime Minister concerning his son, a curious silence seemed to pervade the topic of his first year in office. Quite frankly, there is not a heck of a lot to celebrate and the reason seems to be Mr. Mulroney.

Last year, the people of Canada gave Mr. Mulroney and the P.C. party a huge mandate to rule based on their dissatisfaction with the Liberal regime. The mandate has the word change written all over it. First, a change in party and leader. Second, a change in policies and direction. The election granted the first, Mr. Mulroney has been slow to deliver on the second.

To deliver on the second part of his mandate, Mr. Mulroney must lead his party and this country, and not follow the polls. There seems to be an acute fear of rejection built into Mr. Mulroney's psyche which will not allow him to make a decision on policy if so much as one person in Canada disagrees with him. This fear stems from the political delusion that by not making any enemies at all, he will keep all his friends and hopefully all 200 some odd seats come next election. Mr. Mulroney should remember that do-nothing governments are vulnerable to attack on precisely those grounds in an election. (Please note the fall of the Ontario P.C.'s also famous for following the opinion polls and doing nothing as a result.) Voters may not remember the patronage appointments 3 years from now, but they will notice what has happened.

All of this talk of doing nothing despite Mr. Mulroney's mandate for change brings us to the proposal for a free trade agreement of some sort with the United States. Free trade can be looked upon as the Canadian version of Reaganomics, inasmuch as free trade will involve as complete a change (maybe) in the trade policies of Canada as Reaganomics did in U.S. government spending priorities. Is this the promised change? Will it be for the better? Considering Mr. Mulroney's fear of displeasing anyone and his need to avoid having the opposition parties distaste policy once again (remember the pension issue), Mr. Mulroney may do a classic Canadian compromise along the lines of "free trade necessarily, but not necessarily free trade".

Free trade will never be completely "free" and unrestricted as each country has certain interests that for cultural or political reasons it will be shielding. That is not a problem. The problem is that Mr. Mulroney, in attempting to be all things to all people once again, will negotiate a free trade package that does completely please everyone. That is, a free trade package so emasculated due to the protection of local interests that it does not in any way change the current economic situation but merely costs the taxpayer piles of money for research and the inevitable polls while obscuring the lack of any policy direction in Ottawa.

I hope Mr. Mulroney ignores the results of all the polls he commissions and take the plunge into some meaningful form of free trade. At least this way, at the end of his term in three or four years, we will have a basis upon which to make our choice for the next government. And who knows, it may work out. No one believed in "voodoo economics".

concession to pluralism

RANDOM THOUGHTS

BOURGEOIS DECADENCE

by Marc Ponomareff

More and more people are going for that year round sun-baked look at indoor tanning salons. For a 1/2 hour session you can lie comfortably surrounded by the warmth of ultraviolet tanning rays from which burning beta or B-rays have been virtually eliminated. Only .03 to .04% of the normal ultraviolet rays tan you, yet this process stimulates an even, bronze tan quite rapidly. The letters UVA which adorn most tanning machines stand for the alpha or A-rays which promote a less-damaging tan.

The reasons sun worshippers have for switching to tanning machines are as diverse as the do's and don'ts of indoor tanning. There is much less risk of skin cancer or premature aging of the skin. Lying on a tanning bed is pleasant and relaxing. The heat is not at all uncomfortable, and you can easily fall asleep before the timer wakes you up. Not only is tanning on a sunbed both safer and less time-consuming than basking in the sun, but you can also stay brown all winter long. Some people like a base tan before going on a vacation. Others, because of professions such as modelling or TV reporting, like to appear as healthy and attractive as possible. Even dark-skinned people enjoy the richer skin tone gained by indoor tanning.

Contrary to widespread opinion, the desire to relax under ultraviolet rays, whether indoors or out, is not merely vanity or narcissism — insufficient sunlight causes many people acute depression during the winter months. Some feel the lack of Vitamin D, while others experience symptoms of Seasonal Affective Disorder (SAD), a psychological condition arising from winter's shorter days the absence of much sunlight. If you become overly irritable, anxious, or lethargic, or lose your appetite and

experience a diminished sexual desire (God forbid), then you could be affected by a lack of healthy doses of sunlight. The misuse of alcohol or drugs has much the same effect, but you'll know if this is the case.

Tanning on a sunbed requires no suntan lotion, for this will only slow down the already safe process. There are, however, some precautions in regard to indoor tanning that apply to all makes of UVA beds. Protective eye goggles should be worn by people who use the beds regularly. Also, certain prescription drugs can cause photosensitive reactions, so you should check with your doctor if you are using tranquilizers, diabetes medication or antibiotics such as sulpha drugs and tetracycline.

A few years ago only a handful of privately-owned tanning beds appeared in beauty parlours. In 1985, tanning salons are rapidly constituting a multi-million dollar business. Those who had the foresight to accurately gauge public demand for this relatively new concept are today reaping handsome profits. Tanning salons, which are either franchised or privately-owned, have the edge on the small number of beds in beauty parlours by accommodating more luxurious facilities, more tanning beds, and greater and more flexible booking capacity. Many tanning salons can be found on Yonge St. all the way from Eglinton to Queen — most are easily accessible and with reasonable rates.

Indoor tanning has certainly come a long way from the old sunlamps that more often than not gave you a sunburn. The fact that millions of people the world over now enjoy its beneficial effects indicates a growing satisfaction with UVA. You don't have to be George Michael to look and most importantly, feel better.

SHOOT YOUR WAD

by David Reeve

Here it is! The place for all of you who have something to say and no place to say it; an avenue of expression to be used and abused by anyone willing to put pen on paper: a chance to express your views in black-and-white to an incredibly receptive audience.

If you've figured the world out, or even if you've just figured out how to stay awake in Classics 100, share your knowledge. Ordinary thoughts and feelings are welcome here. The nature of the replies will determine the content of this column.

The editors of this paper have given me a blank slate as far as what this space should contain, and I'm extending this to you. My personal interests make me lean towards philosophy, but anything is fair game. If nobody writes in then I will fill the space with my own pitiful musings, to wit:

All our actions are determined by the universe and have very little, verging on nothing, to do with ourselves. The reason I say this is because who we are is determined by our genetic make-up interacting with our past experiences. However, we don't choose either of these determining factors, so ultimately we don't choose what we do; it is already decided for us by the genes we inherit and the situation we are born into.

IS THIS MADNESS?

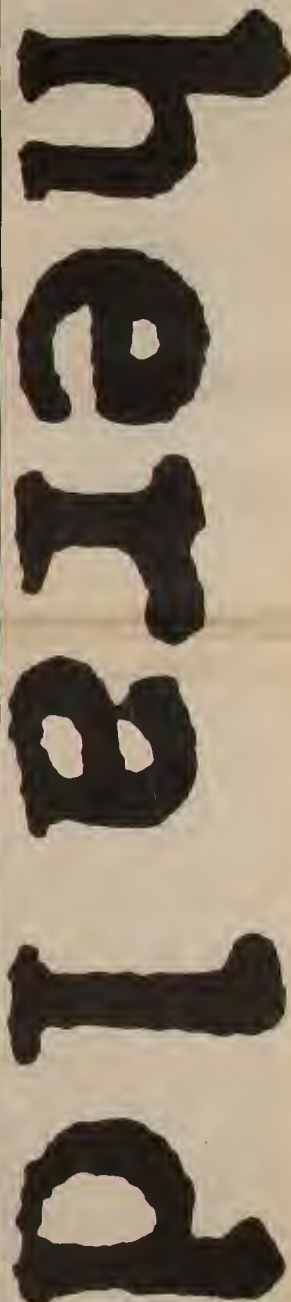
You say to yourself, "I can decide either to get out of bed or not. It's my choice, and in choosing I am exercising my free-will."

This is all fine and good. It certainly seems like you have a choice. But then one must ask, why you make the choice that you do? Most people are willing to admit there are various influences that enter into the decision, i.e. what class is scheduled, whether the next edition of *The Herald* is out yet, etc. What I am saying is that it is precisely all these influences, the totality of all your experiences, genetic predispositions, and the present situation, which determines your choice. If you agree, or if you disagree, write me about it, unless of course you are forced not to.

All your stuff should have the words "Shoot Your Wad" on the top of the page and can be dropped off anytime in the envelope hanging on the door of Innis College room 305. Don't forget to include your name and student number. These will be withheld upon request. You should hand your submissions in within a couple weeks of when the current issue comes out.

Till next time.

—Oh no,
we've killed
John Wayne



20 / 20

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LIBERACE lost his watermelon tummy by putting himself on a diet of watermelon and diet soda.

INNISIATION 85

LOTS OF FUN

by Jim Shedden

Innisiation 85 was a bunch of fun. Since this was my first year participating in more than one event—in fact, I attended almost all of Innisiation—I am hardly qualified to compare it with other years. Nonetheless, based on my own individual experience and the consensus of those around me, this year's orientation seemed to be the most successful in recent memory. Richard Lautens and David Marcovitz, co-chairmen of the events, both deserve unqualified congratulations.



photo by Richard Lautens

Sunshine Boy David enjoys photography, Varsity Water Polo and mud.

Unfortunately, Innisiation got off to a poor start with the registration barbecues which attracted very few first years. This fact, coupled with atrocious hamburgers made me sceptical about the remainder of Innisiation. The party Thursday night changed my mind though; this was clearly the best attended, most fun party Innis has had in at least three years (Steve Gold's seventy-five cent beer bash running a close second). With cheap beer, an ideal split between frosh and returning students and formidable weather (which allowed for the party to spill out into the patio) little could go wrong. Andre's selection of music a sampling of trendy dance club hits, didn't please everyone but, what the hell, you'll never do that. Personally, I thought playing the Sex Pistols was kind of funny seeing as they're as safe as Simon and Garfunkel now: a few people looked like the spirit of '77 had taken hold of them again (including our very own Rock Video Editor who should know better).

Friday's moonball game was cancelled following a university directive (apparently its dangerous—as if the pub crawl weren't), but the farm was as popular as we predicted. Four

vans (one making two trips) and several carloads filled with, again, a healthy frosh/returning student combination. Piging out on pizza and beer, taking long swims in a very warm Little Lake and piggy back riding with Andrew Liebmann made this event a mini-bacchus. The three hour electrical storm on Saturday night mellowed everyone right out which was a welcome change to a sometimes too spirited weekend. If you missed this you blew it but there'll be more weekends throughout the years. And if you're pissed off because you didn't get a bed this time, don't worry, the farm won't be half as crowded till the end of the year.

Monday night's Jays/Tigers game was one of the few events missed. I can't really judge but the response seems to be lukewarm to say the least. While we had eighty tickets to give away, and that many signed for them, only fifty showed up the night of the game. Of the ten people I've spoken to, one, a serious baseball enthusiast, had a great time, while the others felt it didn't bring college people together at all. We could have done worse, though: the UC Lit, during their now notorious orientation, bought 500 (!) Jays tickets and only 100 were claimed.

For the fifth year in a row, Simon Cotter's team won the pub crawl. Even without the bags and bags of, well, "souvenirs", from visited drinking spots, his team had the most points for volume consumed (points for pop this year but that didn't stop these guys).

We're still recovering from all-night film night. It seemed like a good idea at the time, right John? While we had a packed town hall for the perennial favorite *Casablanca* and *Animal House*, I was a bit disappointed that few stayed for Monty Python's *And Now For Something Completely Different* and the cannibal classic *The Hills Have Eyes* (as well as our cartoon selections). Only eight made it for our petit déjeuner at that uptown bistro, Elm Flame Burger, although Andrew Liebmann was reported ready to go (if we could only find him sleeping outside the reading room).

Thursday night the new Innis Cafe (with cherry red pillars) was full of comedy fans, eagerly awaiting the promised Yuk Yuk's comedians. Alas, Yuk Yuk's wanted an arm and leg (and probably for bad amateurs) so the committee decided to hold the first Minerva's Owl instead—Innis's almost famous folk pub (welcome to the eighties: The times they are a-changin').

Although Paul Della Penna was conspicuous by his absence (he was out subverting the powers that be, I suppose, or working), Friday's Varsity Blues game wasn't half as bad as I predicted. Yes, they lost terribly (36-8) and yes, football is repugnant, but I enjoyed watching the cheerleaders perform death-defying stunts. Friday night I committed two sins: not only did I attend a

football game (I've never even seen one on TV) but I went to a Frat party at Sigma Chi. If the pizza wasn't so crummy I might have had a good time. But I didn't.

Saturday's big bash (the first official ICSS event of the year) started off slowly but progressed as the evening grew old. It progressed so much, in fact, that I got dragged to another Frat and not against my will. I had a lousy time there but a great time eating pizza and making fun of Anne at Vlad later that night. Apologies to David Marcovitz, who Sirje and I woke up that night (with no malicious intent).

Attending Innisiation wasn't a "must": it never will be. But it was lots of fun. Staying away, while potentially "radical" I'm told, isn't very much fun at all. Choose for yourself.



Off to a good start.

photo by Richard Lautens



They shoot horses, don't they?

photo by Richard Lautens

WOE TO THE VANQUISHED

by Dave Sneddon,
Ted Sankey

Relax.
Sit back.
Take a deep breath.
You made it.
That's right, you lived through Orientation.
You survived two Innis bashes.
You may have lived through the many horrors of Innisfree farm.
The devastating task of consuming beer and Mr. T cereal for breakfast.
Little Lake pond, at last report, infested with alcohol-crazed nudists and slugs.
But, this memorial goes out to the chosen few; those brave, tolerant yet helpless passengers on the voyage to the other world.

The trip into Hades that will never be forsaken.

The odyssey of the ANTICHRIST.
My heart goes out to those sould that lived through the dying gasps, the final moments of the van from hell—the ANTICHRIST!

There was nothing to be done; the van was mortally wounded.

It came to rest finally on the shores of the River Styx.

Mississauga.

The only resource available to these veterans of the farm was to call upon the people's saint of travellers in strange lands.

Rambo.



Creepy Crawlers — (notice all the Herald staffers).



(l. to r.) Mike Zryd and other people

photo by Richard Lautens

photo by Richard Lautens



THE MALE VOICE

COTTER'S CORNER

Dear Simon,
I am a first-year and I need to have purpose in my life. I wander around every day wanting something meaningful to do. Please help.

Sincerely,
Lost Lucy

Dear L.L.

You are not alone. Many first years become disoriented and lose the meaning of life. You will feel much better after you bring me breakfast in bed. It's a great Innis tradition and it will make you feel part of a greater community.

Signed Simon

Dear Simon,

I am a first-year female student at U of T, blonde, blue-eyed, and I love *cute*, cuddly, football players with puppy-dog eyes and no neck. Can you help me?

Signed Desperate

Dear Sweetheart,

You are desperate because you are obviously suffering from an extreme case of schizophrenia. Football players with no neck are MACHO, never cute, never cuddly. You definitely need special private counselling. I'm free Saturday evening.

Signed Simon

Dear Simon,

I'm 21 years old. I've never asked a girl on a date before. I asked a special friend to this year's formal. She asked me what time I would be picking her up and when I would be taking her home so she could ask her mother if it was alright. What should I tell her, 5:30 p.m. and 11:00 p.m., or is 11:00 too daring?

Signed Inexperienced

Dear Wimp,

It doesn't matter when you pick her up; the important thing is when (and if) she gets home. Just be yourself. If that doesn't work, be ME. If that doesn't work, forget her as she's probably mentally unbalanced.

Signed Simon

OUR SAD STATE

Written by Dove Snedden
Ted Sonkey

What ever happened to those brilliant "Kill John Lindsay" jokes? Where have all the bathroom poets gone? We are all in desperate need of intelligent graffiti. Calling all latent authors. Act locally, think internationally. Sit down, get inspired, get prolific.

As Lessing said: "There must be some situations in life to cause you to lose your reason or you have none to lose."

Observations:

Q: "How many Republican economists does it take to screw in a lightbulb?"

A: "None. The invisible hand of the market does it."

"If freedom is outlawed, only outlaws will be free."

Can these examples withstand the passing of ages? In New York it is art. In Rome it was a vocation. For humanity it has always served as an outlet for repressed conscience. At Innis, it is an exercise in redundancy.

WE CAN DO BETTER THAN THIS.

OPEN HART

by Timothy Hutton

On Wednesday, September 18th, Hart House had their "Wide Open House Day." The entire day and night was a celebration of the University of Toronto's thriving student centre located at 7 Hart House Circle beside University College.

First years and returning students alike were introduced to the incredibly large amount of activities which are always going on inside and outside the Tudor walls.

Many different events went on all day; here are just a few of them and what they were like:

Noon came in rather noisily with a carillon concert by James Slater, the Carillonneur from the Metropolitan United Church, starting at 11:30. The carillon is an overlooked instrument which creates wonderfully loud sounds. Found in the tower it is one of Hart House's many attributes.

For those looking for more music there was a lunch hour concert by Giorgio Longdo, Tenor, in the East Common Room, although it was not necessary to be in that particular room to hear Mr. Longdo's booming voice.

One could see how other mealplan students lived in the Great Hall and Arbor Room during the College College Lunch. There were many main dishes including a vegetarian meal from Innis.

All afternoon the various Hart House committees and organizations had booths set up. The Farm booth had cider, the Art Gallery had a special Group of Seven Exhibition, the Record Rooms were open for exploration and the Hart House Library had an interesting, if small, sale

of used books.

The high point of the afternoon was the ice cream eating contest at 2:30 in the Quadrangle. Six teams of four people each tried to be the first to eat 4 litres of ice cream and win a prize from the Hart House Tuck Shop. The Transitional Year Program Team was an easy but sticky first, shovelling down 4 litres in under five minutes. Afterwards free ice cream was given to those who wanted it, participant and spectator alike.

Ice cream eaters could shed their excess pounds by participating in the many fitness classes that run regularly at Hart House. Instructional classes are available along with track, pool, weight facilities and two gymnasiums that can be used by any student.

The evening had one big disappointment. The scheduled Film Club showing was cancelled. Fortunately there were other events worth attending.

At 8 p.m. the Debates Committee presented Dr. David Cook, Vice-Provost, U of T: "Go Back, It's a Trap."

The debate was interesting and quite fun. Presented in parliamentary style the debate was a showcase of wit for both orators and hecklers. 26 people voted that the University of Toronto was not a trap and 24 voted it was and we should all escape it.

The posters and signs declared the day as "Wide Open House Day" at Hart House. The lucky thing is that with all the different events and activities, it is always "Open House Day" at Hart House.

DOWN AND OUT AT U OF T

by Daniel Garber and Don Mekelloy

We don't all drive convertible Jeeps. One can live graciously or slovenly, or graciously slovenly on very little money. This column explores the aesthetic of being poor, living poor, or just pretending. Toronto can be one's half-opened can of tainted Starkist, or the proverbial oyster of plenty, depending on how the nets are cast.

Consider the case of S ———. Our unfortunate friend S ———, having recently fled the East Coast, found herself lease-locked in a dank Palmerston St. cellar. Her "furnished" room, at \$200.00 a month, contained only a moldy bed and a pile of wood, a piece of which, presumably, could be set alight should the bare bulb fail to provide adequate heat. Her fellow tenant (on the other side of the woodpile) proved a poor conversationalist, limited to grunts and sputters in the wee hours. She was finally evicted by the housing inspector, who declared her room unfit for human dwelling, due, in part, to the Batmansque 5'10" ceilings.

While adequate finances could have afforded her a super-terranean apartment, money-in-hand is no guarantee of house-inhabitable. Take, for example, the Post-Modern artifact of 659 Spadina Ave. (illumined for public gaping, 24 hours). One can only speculate what lies through the mini-bulb adorned, Weldex weapon-detecting arch; beyond the wrought-iron lion's head, mounted on a free-standing brick hearth; beneath the industrial stove-fan-cum-window; and within the sand-blasted walls. These authors will doubtless never discover the inside's story, but we imagine it must be like living in an

Artshoppe window.

Redeemed by poverty, restrained by foresight, the authors chose an alternate path. Like other students and members of the local community, shared housing was the mode of preference. Friends and family have wondered loudly why anyone would choose to live in a house where the entire kitchen is detached and transplanted in the back yard for a three month renovation; where the winter months bring pioneer living to Toronto, with a skating rink on the kitchen floor and snowdrifts on the wainscoting; and where colds, 'flu's, and parasites are passed around more quickly than the sake bottle at a house meeting. But the lure of the decaying plaster and the black-painted floors is irresistible.

The co-op (for that is what it is) is a home for wayward furniture, stray appliances, and vagrant political ideologies. Housemates are wont to rhapsodize one moment on the inestimable value of beans with rice, the next on Deng's new economics, or Morgenthau's clinic. The music emanating from the house shifts from the vibrating catgut of a lute to the Throbbing Gristle of a ghetto blaster. And the rent — Thrift Villa!

This is not to suggest that life in a co-op is perfect. The housing inspector, S ———'s saviour, is a mortal enemy here, one step above the landlord on the hate list. And while any way of life can become boring or dangerous, there is safety and companionship in numbers.

In future columns we will discuss food, clothing, and other accessories in our quest for the ideal poor-but-happy way of life.

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WELDING ACTION TO KNOWLEDGE

We've been living in Innis College for three enjoyable and very productive years. We're the Ontario Public Interest Research Group (OPIRG).

OPIRG exists to provide learning opportunities to students wishing to acquire new skills, in-depth knowledge of an issue that is (or should be) of public concern, and also to help you feel you are making a constructive contribution towards improving the world we live in.

Our analysis is that our democracy is challenged by many socio-economic and political forces. To address this challenge we must find new ways of allowing people to participate in the decisions that affect their lives or the lives of those in their communities. And we must bring forward information that is hidden, information that people and communities need to make good decisions and participate fully. Information is often hidden by government under the veil of secrecy, hidden by businesses that consider the information to be of priority interest, or hidden because it is presented in a form that few can comprehend.

These principles are the glue that connects all our issues. OPIRG is known for the range of issues we address. Volunteers are working on such diverse topics as pornography and prostitution, tenants' rights, municipal solid waste management, and community economic development. And they are working on these issues in different ways. Some are organizing a conference, some doing research, some lobbying the government, some doing radio shows with community groups.

OPIRG is a volunteer organization. It can not exist unless volunteers work in the organization and, very importantly, get rewards from their involvement. And there are many ways to get involved. Some people come in with a project in mind. We help them develop the concept and find resources to do it. Some are going work on a course and think the work would be a good OPIRG project. We co-direct the project with the instructor. Some come in wanting to work with a team on a specific issue. If a team already exists we integrate the individual into the team. If one doesn't exist we can often find other people interested in the subject. Some want to help OPIRG development its membership base, fund-raising, or information systems. The opportunities are tremendous, the rewards very valuable. Many have used their OPIRG skills to find work with other groups.

So if you feel the need to get information you've collected at university, or through other experiences, out into the community, or if you need to know more about an issue you're concerned about and want to act on, come by Room 302 and talk to us. We'll be glad to help you get involved.

wired planet

by Jim Shelden

In the Sept. 12 edition of *The Varsity*, film editor Mike Zryd (our managing editor) perpetuates the myth that "the stock and trade of Canadian film is (still) the documentary." That is the unfortunate lie repeated continuously by the popular press and the innocent masses who have seen very little Canadian film but heard somewhere (like on Oscar night) that the NFB is respected internationally.

In fact, if you want international respect, take our avant-garde. Michael Snow, for example, must rank as one of the most important — if not the most important — experimental filmmaker in the world. I wouldn't expect Ron Base to know this but I would expect Mr. Zryd, a film student, to be aware of the fact that, outside of journalistic mythology, documentary is not Canada's most important film sector. Naturally, with newspapers like *The Varsity* completely ignoring the experimental output at the recent Festival of Festivals, it's no wonder that such myth is taken as fact by the general public.

The experimental offerings of the Festival, while not quite this year's *Wavelength* or *Circle*, were quite interesting — at least a billion times more intriguing than *If You Love This Planet* and *Not A Love Story*, two really dreadful NFB films hailed as examples of our "stock and trade" by the pop press. These films are Peter Dudar's *Transylvania 1917*, Barbara Sternberg's *A Trilogy* and Peter Mettler's *Eastern Avenue*.

Eastern Avenue is the most disappointing of the films. A beautiful travelogue, it is akin to a large dose of valium: a lovely, sedate, numbing experience; but once it's all over a complete blank on consciousness. While I certainly don't object to an absence of "narrative", *Eastern Avenue* is completely devoid of any content at all: it is very pretty cinematography but that's about it. The filmmaker explains that the images in the film are "intuitive" which is fine and dandy on the creative side but pretty useless for the poor viewer. Even pure form demands a direction.

Peter Dudar's bizarre *Transylvania 1917* chronicles the end of the Austro-Hungarian empire, from the point-of-view of a wounded soldier, abandoned by his comrades and

REVIEW

NEXT WEEK:
Agony of
watching
Elvis go
downhill

INNIS HERALD
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THE FESTIVAL... LOOKING BACK

By now, the tallies are in and the Toronto International Festival of Festivals' tenth anniversary has been declared BOX OFFICE BOFFO. This festival has "legs", as they say. Every year Toronto experiences a cultural phenomenon as almost the entire city's attention is focussed on a short strip of road, dotted with movie houses. Go just about anywhere and you'll hear somebody talking about this wonnnderrrull film or that marvellously catered party. Voted most popular film this year was Luis Puenze's *The Official Version*, but frankly, I cast my vote for Shirley Clarke's *Ornette... Made in America*. At least *Joshua Then and Now* or *Agnes of God* didn't win, Jane Fonda notwithstanding...

CJM

LUNG MUCUS

by Lisa Coleman

Truth is not stranger than fiction — it's uglier. Oh, so ugly. *Marie A True Story* begins with the insistent title "Marie Ragghianti is a real person. This is a true story," and any audience with average intelligence is thereby immediately put on the defensive — okay, we believe you, thou doth protest too much already. Marie is a simple, regular type heroine no longer unsung thanks to this ungainly film. She is deliberately placed on the Tennessee Board of Pardons and Parole as a convenient "yes man", but the plan backfires as her moral character and simple honesty have been misjudged. Jeff Daniels, at his winsome best, portrays Eddie Sisk, the smug bastard who had set Marie up assuming easy compliance with his "play ball", self-serving politics. Fred Thompson is a natural — he plays himself as her lawyer, but then he had practice playing the same role at the Watergate hearings. Sissy Spacek's portrayal of Marie is excellent in light of the material at her disposal.

Supense in this film is a la *Silkwood* — plenty of ominous headlines. Every turn of plot is telegraphed long in advance, and the central ugliness in this clumsy film revolves around the most hideously obvious *leit-motif* in the history of cinema. You see, Marie is the loving, single mother of three wonderful children of a type common to cinema land. The youngest experiences a mishap with a pistachio nut which eventually results in a tracheotomy. Enter the heavy-handed *leit-motif*. In order to illustrate Marie's wonderful side, and in order to emphasize the powers of her instinct for corruption of all types (she has known for years that he still had a pistachio nut clogging his respiratory system), her young son's lungs periodically require suction by hand, as is graphically shown. One such occasion is conveniently related just before Marie's confrontation with Eddie in an elevator where he denies evidence of bribery. Following a medium close-up of lung mucus being expelled into a jar via a tube (to the relief of the whole family) we are treated to an extreme low angle shot of ultra-modern cylinder elevator cars whizzing down the inside of a convention centre — Aha! Marie: (A True Story), cleanser of gubernatorial sputum!!! What a gall



SCHRADER GO HOME

by Paul Della Penna

I come to Paul Schrader's *Mishima* with several preconceptions and prejudices. I am unable to dispense with easily. The first is my inexplicable distaste for any American director who makes an overly self-conscious art-film without any hint of post-modern irony. Thus for the very same reasons I couldn't stand Coppola's *The Outsiders*, *Rumblefish* or *One From The Heart*. I don't like *Mishima*, nor can even condescend to "appreciate" it. And the unavoidable fact that this is the same Paul Schrader (good writer/shitty director) who brought us the god-awful, self-indulgent *American Gigolo*, *Cat People* and *Hardcore* makes this fascinating exercise in fascism even tougher to swallow. Like sushi, *Mishima* is formal, elegant and exquisite in its presentation — but you either love or hate raw fish. So I fear I am a dissenting voice. The sight of a self-important Festival audience, believing itself on the cutting edge of "Art", drooling over this long-awaited Phillip Glass rock-video would be funny if it were not so pathetic and insincere.

My second reservation is a strong distrust of any sort of culture-fuck in any direction, specifically the Western ooh-ahing of all things Japanese the film opportunistically capitalizes upon. (*Mishima* might make Japan this year's India.) If the English subtitles were actually spoken the film would be unintentionally hilarious. Thirdly, when it comes to the Life and Death of Yukio Mishima, this aesthete becomes a philistine. It was Goethe who said, "Art and life are different; that is why one is called art and the other is called life" — and I would hasten to add "death is neither". It's not that I find the man personally repugnant or his aesthetic vision, a tortured romantic nihilism, particularly unpleasant (which I do) — it is the film's swathing the man's obsessions with a heavy air of mystical profundity — believing itself and the man himself the embodiment of a particular facet of the post-war Japanese psyche. *Mishima's* novels are great in spite of his life, not

because of it — and the film serves only to mythologize and conflate the romantic conception of the indispensable harmony of 'pen and sword': art, beauty and action. Another Japanese film at the Festival, *The Funeral*, is a far richer, more complex meditation on death in this culture — and much funnier.

Given the monumental external restraints placed on the film — *Mishima's* widow forbade any mention of her late husband's well-known homosexuality, nor any graphic representation of his *seppuku* (hara-kiri) at the age of 40 — it's a shame Schrader could not overcome the inherent adversity of his project to produce a great work of art, a fitting eulogy to an admittedly intriguing life. The formal innovation — four parts, three depicting key crypto-autobiographical scenes from his novels, *The Temple of the Golden Pavilion*, *Kyoto's House*, and *Runaway Horses*, culminating in the final quartet the synthesis in *Life* — is a commendable way out of the impasse and raises the film far above the standard dreary biopic (*Ghandi*) — but far below the realm of genius (*Citizen Kane*). Everything about the film screams strained seriousness and intricate precision: two great big signifiers ensuring a modicum of mass success, FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA AND GEORGE LUCAS PRESENT: and MUSIC COMPOSED BY PHILLIP GLASS ensuring high-brow critical attention. (Glass' score, as magnificent as it is, sounds like everything else he's done — hypnotic serial triplets.) Oh, and the set design is wu-u-u-nderful. And the acting's impeccable. And there are some neat *Miami Vice* tracking shots and freezes. As perfect and stylized as a Japanese tea ceremony, which when it comes right down to it is just a boring tea ceremony.

According to the Book of Lists (this is true), fifty percent of Japanese women would have preferred death to marriage to Yukio Mishima. I suspect a somewhat higher percentage of the mass audience would prefer death to this film.



taken POW by the Russians. The action is mimed by a dancer and acted by a single actress against a beautifully stylized backdrop. While the visual splendour (especially the deep red and blue backgrounds) is quite appealing, the particular interest of *Transylvania 1917* seems to be its interesting montage of Transylvanian myth and cultural, political and religious history.

Barbara Sternberg's *A Trilogy* is the most difficult of the three films. Because it is more ambitious than Dudar's film, it is also less satisfying. The "trilogy", so far as I can tell, refers to the three dominant images arranged cyclically: long takes of a young boy riding a bicycle; a couple eating breakfast with CBC-Stereo's Stereo Morning lurking in the background; and a humble text of sometimes embarrassingly metaphysical questions and poetical reflections. The text is not really embarrassing when you realize that Sternberg is not attempting to answer such questions (What is the Real? How are we situated in language?) but is humbly throwing her hands up. The film not only makes the habitual routines of people beautiful (especially through the long-takes of the bike rider) but also links the daily habits of people with important basic philosophical questions.

Ultimately, all three films deserve repeated viewings: *Eastern Avenue* when you need an aesthetic sedative, *Transylvania 1917* to sort out the layers of myth in the film and *A Trilogy* even if just to see how the sometimes disparate elements belong together. (Incidentally, the Innis Film Society is screening *A Trilogy*, with the filmmaker present to answer questions, on Nov. 28 at 7:00 in Town Hall. Added attraction is Mike Cartmell, screening and discussing his experimental films.)



FELIX AND OSCAR DO RIO

by Paul Della Penna

Take two diametrically opposed men, Molina, an effete homosexual on a morals charge (played by William Hurt), the other, Valentin, a macho battle-scarred revolutionary (Raul Julia), toss them into a Brazilian prison cell and watch the sparks fly. Latin American filmmaker Hector Babenco (of *Pixote* fame) has crafted a thoughtful, always entertaining political allegory in *Kiss of the Spider Woman*, based on the novel of the same name by Argentinian Manuel Puig. The growing relationship between this zany odd couple is continually disrupted by Molina's fantastic retelling of a campy Nazi propaganda film he embellishes through his distinctly personal and romantic, but firmly apologetic vision. Like Blanche Dubois, Molina isn't into reality, preferring the safe haven of magic instead. Valentin, on the other hand, is infuriated by Molina's irresponsibility, but gradually comes to accept and adopt his cellmate's fantasy. Sonja Braga, the Latin sex-goddess, is the eponymous leading lady of the film-within-a-film, born from artifice but eventually assuming an all too real and necessary existence. Wish there were more of her.

William Hurt does an amazing Meryl Streep in *Kiss*. Known primarily for his anguished Serious Actor roles in *Altered States*, *Body Heat*, *The Big Chill* and the stinky *Gorky Park*, his portrayal of a drag queen betrays all the markings of a MAJOR CAREER MOVE; like Streep we stare in awe of the great white blandness stretching its talents, conjuring the aura of strenuous dedication to his craft in every tortured line and poignant pause. But since Hurt does

command serious attention, a lesser Hurt (John) would have turned the colourful Molina into an object of derision and sympathy, not empathy (a reasonably subversive feat) — and one to applaud, despite my reservations of straight people doing camp properly.

Kiss of the Spider Woman is a great love story, the way *Casablanca* is a great love story — in that the impossible love between the central characters is never fully realized, but exists in that utopian space beyond the gritty reality of historical experience, transcending immediate time and space. It subverts the sharp socially-constructed demarcations that divide our lives into the "personal" or the "political", the "fantastic" or the "real", the "homosexual" or the "heterosexual", the allegorical alignment of each character's respective roles at the beginning of the film, and reveals the continually shifting, dynamic forces at play in human relations and our inner lives. Thus as Valentin slides up the Kinsey scale and condescends to make love to Molina, and comes to affirm his love for his politically incorrect girlfriend Marta — and Molina comes to live out his romantic fantasy in a magnificent gesture of self-sacrifice — the changes are not spontaneous, but exist along a progressive and evolving human continuum. Molina's decision is the direct realization of his aesthetic; he wills his death — it is the final act of a high camp melodrama. Valentin's concession to the Spider Woman is equally necessary. But while the film seems to side more with Molina, the fantastic and the personal (as the novel clearly does), it is far more ambiguous and open-ended than this. The dialectic, as it should be, is never resolved.

"SMALL TASTY FOODS"

by Stephen Infusio

Wayne Wang's *Dim Sum* sits among the Festival of Festivals' less publicized repertoire of not-so-new and not-so-flashy releases. But despite its lack of big-name and big-budget glitter, it is a jewel of a film and a must for anyone with the slightest streak of sentimentality left in them.

It is the story of a marvellously average Chinese family living in San Francisco and their attempts at coping with the often subtle pressures of living in the modern world. Admittedly, this is not the most original theme. Everything from *Leave it to Beaver* to *The River* followed the same basic and rather predictable pattern. But Wang chose a less worn angle to air his feelings on this most common of subjects. He lays bare the effects of urban life on the strength of the family by depicting the plight of an immigrant mother and her vain attempts at maintaining her traditions in a new country, rather than choosing a more typical and established sort of family already molded to fit neatly into Western society.

The title couldn't be more apt. *Dim sum* is a traditional Cantonese collection of small tasty foods. Translated directly, it means "piece of heart". It is usually eaten as a late breakfast at a time of the week set aside for the entire family to go to a restaurant, relax, eat, and enjoy each other's company. This tradition is used as a symbol of family stability and cultural

continuity. Wang will often use the lonely site of an empty dining table to suggest domestic strife. Even Uncle Tam (Victor Wong), who is arguably the most up-to-date old Chinese immigrant you're likely to meet, laments the slow disintegration of his culture with reference to dim sum. "Eventually ... no more pai gwa, no more braised beef in honey, no more dim sum!"

His fears are realized when the mother of the house takes ill, and the daughter, Geraldine (Lauren Chew) must prepare the dim sum. She botches the job horribly and the two end up eating at McDonald's. What a sobering symbolic statement! Lauren Chew played her role with heart wrenching sentimentality. She, as well as Wang, had a hand in the writing of the screenplay and this dedication was more than apparent in her performance.

Dim Sum compares very well with Yasuhiro's 1954 film, *Tokyo Story*. Ozu's imagery and symbolism are a touch more subtle and sophisticated; however, both films share a rare sense of emotional force and domestic drama. *Dim Sum* is not without fault. But they do not in any way detract from the overall quality of Wang's latest effort. I highly recommend this film to anyone and I consider it an absolute necessity for anyone with a recent ethnic heritage — especially Chinese!

BORN IN THE U.S.A.

by Burt Testa

The night she introduced her new film, *Ornette... Made in America* to the Toronto film festival audience, Shirley Clarke was wearing a slightly absurd brimmed hat and chomping popcorn she took from a very large container. She talked in a pleasantly gruff New Yorkese and looked every inch the middle-aged buyer from Macy's. In fact, Clarke is a venerable figure of the New American Cinema. Since the Fifties, Clarke has been a leading maker of "experimental documentaries", wonderful whimsies and firmer stuff, like *The Connection* (1962). But she has never exactly been an avant-garde filmmaker, or even an "artist", and has never managed to go commercial either. Instead, she still carries the New York spirit of the early Sixties, before the New American Cinema fell into the sharp divisions that separated out "avant-garde cinema," documentaries and fiction filmmaking.

In those days, what mattered was being not-Hollywood. Stan Brakhage, John Cassavetes and Shirley Clarke could appear in the same Village Voice column (written, probably, by Jonas Mekas) with a sidebar in which Pennnebaker said he was thinking about making a movie about Bob Dylan. Clarke has not changed the looseness of those days and the (admittedly limited) glories of *Ornette... Made in America* come from that.

It seems such a quirky movie, and so terrible a jazz documentary because Clarke makes no effort to disguise her idiosyncrasy — and it suits her subject. Ornette Coleman is a great jazz musician and a loopy utopian — Clarke is hugely attracted to this second aspect of the man, to what is really his saintly difference. The only passage where she bears down, where her serious passion comes out, are when her hand-held camera prowls through the abandoned Lower East Side high school Ornette has purchased and intends to transform into a jazz college. Clarke's camera just takes it all in — Coleman's serious danger in the junkies' neighborhood — until she pushes past a door marked "archives". The room is filled with detritus. This is the state of "documentation" when it comes to Ornette Coleman. Clarke can't seem to tear her camera away for a very long time.

This moment colours all of *Ornette... Made in America*, a film finally about the shabby destiny that predictably awaits the artist. But throughout, Coleman never complains, or even deigns to notice. He never loses faith for one frame. He expects to finance his school with the power funk of his current band, Prime Time, whose drummer/manager is his son. We see and hear that band, which is sort of nowhere, and musically inert, stumble around inside Coleman's suite *Skies of America*, while the Fort Worth Symphony saws away and the conductor looks increasingly unhinged. And, of course, Ornette himself wails on like the unflinching angel he is.

It is only when Clarke cuts away to the confused Texans who give Coleman a high-school-reunion's welcome, obviously unsure just who he is, that the film brushes with outrage. And Clarke lets it go by. Well, Coleman is the Burroughs, the Frank Stella, the Anthony Caro, the modernist monster of post-war jazz. Miles Davis, even John Coltrane, snuck up on their epochal innovations along a well blazed trail of improvisation. Coleman, together with Don Cherry, and like Cecil Taylor, just pounced and has never let go. There is some charming 8mm footage of Ornette in North Africa — for some, the Burroughs crowd is on-hand — and Clarke makes it clear Coleman is among peers, even if no one buys his records. But the way Coleman exists as a musician is not the way the poet or painter exists — he tours, makes records, has a manager, suffers the jazz condition. Ornette just never bothers to notice these things much and Clarke identifies with that unusual forgetfulness, celebrates it as the beginning of bliss.



Despite appearances, *Made in America* is not a fool's frippery, but when you start out realizing Clarke's Coleman is, well, gone or absent until he picks up his saxophone, it takes a while to realize that what the filmmaker feels compelled to do is to follow him out there. So, for example, she makes a perfectly silly (and very sweet) Coleman-the-Spaceman animation sequence that puts Ornette on board the Space Shuttle. It is all very high-tech videoprocessing and ridiculous. It's not just a matter of showing off her utterly naive sense of metaphor and Coleman's own cosmic whole-earth mysticism, but also to make herself silly on his behalf, to refuse the usual suffering-jazzman solemnity. The tactic works very well, though it leaves us believing that some more respectful (and dull) filmmaker should at least try to document Coleman's performing genius.

Clarke does not even try. (There are a few tantalizing snips of the "free jazz" period in the sixties but hardly more than a spoonful, alas). Her musical passages are incidental and she cares much more about Coleman's imagination and how to express its style through filmmaking. The best passage in this regard is the opening sequence. Mixing footage from the Fort Worth homecoming and other elements, the sequence imitates Coleman's edgy rhythms, and his use of repetition, closing finally on its centre, the image of a young boy holding a sax, glaring at the camera.

Shirley Clarke has never managed to become an artist, never realized that she had to. Too busy being a filmmaker, she retains the almost lost ideal of the New American Cinema: in contrast to Hollywood's self-importance, a filmmaker should be almost incidental. Clarke still believes a channel opens up when filmmaking is just playing well — like a musician plays well. Her early (early seventies) interest in video technology was anything but a taste for high-tech. Clarke is not one to be at ease with machines of any kind. But, she explained to her festival audience, "video lets you edit forever and it just gets better." In terms of technique this is true: the multiple-image channeling of the video console is light years ahead of even the best-equipped flat-bed editing table. But that wasn't much help for *One from the Heart* and *Cotton Club* was only partly convincing. It is, one suspects, a matter of sensibility and Clarke's playfulness, and her sense of Coleman as a strongly rhythmic artist, really provoked her to turn *Made in America* into something extraordinary. Of course, the film goes nowhere but, then, it's not supposed to. Coleman is still out there, alive and working, and Clarke is too tactful a biographer to try to sum up a life still busy and potent.

Clarke did much of the work on the film in Toronto. When Video/Culture, the SONY-sponsored video festival, started up a few years ago, they invited her as the first artist "in residence". She transferred all the footage she had shot and assembled to videotape, which greatly facilitated the editing. So far, *Ornette... Made in America* is the only product of Video/Culture's in residence programme. We heard rumours of this film for a couple of years, and a sample reel, in video form, surfaced some time ago and was shown at Trent University in 1983. No such rumours have circulated about more recent Video/Culture projects of this sort. Too bad. But, of course, Shirley Clarke is special enough to be a legend, even around Video/Culture.



DAY IN THE DEATH OF
ROBERT HARRIS

by J. Ravn
HE LAY IN HIS COFFIN, MOTIONLESS,
FOR ANOTHER TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

WORKING TITLE

by Lisa Coleman

Friday, Sept. 6, 1985, saw the debut at 5 pm of *Working Title* at the Cumberland 3 as part of the Perspectives Canada series at the Festival of Festivals. *Working Title* is a short film by two U of T alumni of whom we are particularly proud. It was the headliner for an extremely self-conscious first feature, *Timing*.

In the audience were such home-grown luminaries as Atom Egoyan (Hart House Film Board alumnus, director of last year's Genie award nominee for Best Picture, *Next of Kin*, Fiona Andrew, Co-ordinator of the Hart House Film Board's first Annual Competition 1985, the gifted actor, Sean Pigott of *Reel to Real* and *Working Title*, and the directors themselves, Fred Jones (escorting his own lovely wild-flower "The Jane"), Ken Scott (who was reported to have resisted the lascivious potential of the previous night's debauchery at the Copa — brave lad), and the self-infatuated Eric Wienthal, director of (BAD) *Timing*. Conspicuous in his absence was the incomparable John Canning who, in his acting debut in *Working Title* displayed a delightful ability for self-parody. During a sociable pre-film interlude Atom Egoyan chatted about his recent direction of a piece for the CBC and he was quick to point out the irony that his last meeting with the directors Fred Jones and Ken Scott had in fact been the evening of the Hart House Film Board's Competition Gala last spring. The lads had then only just embarked upon the shooting of *Working Title*.

The evening's screening commenced rather abruptly with the first few minutes of *Working Title* in what turned out to be a false start of sorts, one suspects a belated projecting test. Piers Handling, the programmer for the Perspectives series of Canadian independent films introduced the directors following an observation that the projection mix-up was in fact very in keeping with the comedic view of filmmaking exhibited in *Working Title*. He went on to extoll their emergent talents (which the audience naturally took to be understood) and Fred Jones and Ken Scott were warmly welcomed by all. Fred Jones began their opening comments with a bittersweet nod to *NOW Magazine* which had wholly misinformed the public about *Working Title* — thanks for the publicity but let's see some respect! The entire paragraph about the film was incorrect — as Ken Scott pointed out, the reviewer mistook the main character Bart Head for the actor (Sean Pigott) who portrayed Elwy Yost. *NOW Magazine* also gave Ken Scott credit for *The Edit*, which he had nothing to do with.

The audience was suitably charmed by *Working Title*, a film suffused with comic warmth in its portrayal of Bart Head's trials and tribulations in the production of his film — the masterpiece, *The Merchant of Venus*. Shot in black and white, *Working Title* achieves a lovely Fellini-

esque aura of the film set — life — as a circus. A particular joy to watch are two montage sequences cut in time to a well chosen score, *Manu Militaire* by Andre-Luc Desjardins. Here the diligent industry of set and lighting preparations are inter-cut with static close-ups of momentary expressions of total mystification and hesitation on the part of individual crew members. Ironically the film ends with the final result of Bart Head's labours — "a lovely trophy". Members of the Hart House Film Board may recognize with a twinge of shame the character's similar fate to that of the filmmakers themselves, who won second prize — a lovely plaque — at last year's Contest.

Working Title was co-produced by I.D.S. Productions (the Intermediate Dupe Society comprising Fred Jones and Ken Scott), and Gerry Quigley (a Toronto stage actor of such productions as *Quartet* by Eugene Stickland) who portrayed the infamous Bart Head. Those of you in the Cinema Studies Programme won't recognize Fred Jones or Ken Scott as they were French and Philosophy majors who shunned film classes. Nor did they have any formal production training — they are in fact two stubborn, tenacious, and intuitive filmmakers. Their first comedic, independent short, *Reel to Real* (1984) was aired on TVO by Elwy Yost last November and their second, *Kovandisgusting: Life Out of Context* (1984) was created for the Vic Bob Review. So *Working Title* (1985) is actually their third short, the self-reflexive culmination of their experiences and observations. This latest masterpiece was successfully sold to the CBC and aired this past summer on the Canadian Reflections series. The Hart House Film Board plans to screen a retrospective of I.D.S. films during October Open Screening, and *Working Title* will be featured at the Bloor Cinema as part of the Sunday, Toronto Film Now series on November 17, at 2:30.

So take heart all of you seething young filmmakers and glean a wee bit of inspiration from these two intrepid U. of T. filmmaking stars. Quit complaining about U. of T.'s paucity of production classes and facilities as compared to such questionable establishments as York and Ryer-High. Take advantage of the Hart House Film Board for heaven's sake — your fees support it with or without your individual membership. As the evidence of the success of Atom Egoyan, Fred Jones, and Ken Scott clearly proves, it is possible to see a production through distribution to an AUDIENCE. Wake up, grow up, START producing — no one will lead you by the hand to FAME and GLORY. Either you do spend sleepless nights seething to create and can now consciously find your way to the Hart House Film Board, or you are an average, normal, non-creative person who is free to continue your unconscious existence resting in peace.



A handsome nuan with a microphone looks on as a beautiful woman talks to a greasy bastard.

TRIVIAL PURSUIT

by David Shaw

The Last Combat is the first feature by director Luc Besson (now 26). Originally released in 1982, the film falls into the post-apocalyptic genre of the *Mad Max* films and countless others (*Exterminators of the Year 3000*, *After the Fall of New York*, and the soon-to-be-released *Thunder Warriors*, to name but a few). However, Besson's film is unique in that there is no dialogue (this French film has no subtitles, although the credits are in French), a technique not employed to any real degree since F.W. Murnau's *The Last Laugh* (1924). Besson's characters communicate through gestures or facial expressions.

The hero (portrayed by Pierre Jolivet), manufactures a small airplane and travels to a crumbling metropolis, where he becomes friends with a sympathetic doctor (portrayed by Jean Bouise) who lives in a medical clinic named after the great mime, Marcel Marceau. The place is barricaded against a barbaric, bespectacled interloper (played by Jean

Reno), who persistently tries to gain entrance. Besson's film differs from other works in this genre by not concentrating so much on its action scenes (of which there are many and some quite well executed), but rather upon the subtlety between characters and small details which suggest a wasteland of urban destruction and rural desolation. Filmed in black and white and cinemascope, the film won double honours from the jury and press at the 1982 Avoriaz Film Festival.

For Besson's next film *Subway*, (released in France last April), the distributor of *Le Dernier Combat* (Gaumont) gave Besson over 15,000,000 francs, Christopher Lambert (from *Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes*) and Isabelle Adjani as stars, and the Paris Metro as a set. Jean Bouise returns as a station master, as does Jean Reno as a drummer. *Le Dernier Combat* has already been released on video, but see it in Cinemascope if you can. (*Did anyone read this far?*—eds.)

FISTING

by David Shaw

If the world were clear, art would not exist.

—Camus

If you liked the original *King Kong*, you'll love this new look at a cinematic classic. While the title may appear to be a reworking of the Goethe tale on a gargantuan scale (this would make a great film, too), the English translation (*King Kong's Fist*) is more attuned with the film's concerns. One of the real surprises at the Saarbrücken film festival last January, the film marks the debut of Heiner Stadler, a former graduate (camera and documentary section) of the Munich Film School.

The film is a parody of film historian fanaticism. (*Ahem*—eds.) Leonard Lansink (portrayed by Klaus Uwe Matthies) is a journalist who by chance sees a recently discovered, long-lost film at the 1984 Berlin Film Festival. A conversation with an old projectionist, Fritz Ackrewa (played by Werner Grassman, a prominent Hamburg film exhibitor) opens up the possibility of a story on the mysterious director of the expressionist film fescued from oblivion. The rest of the film follows Lansink's travels in search of Bodo Wawerka, the director who left U.F.A. to go to Hollywood to make the fist of the simian monarch for R.K.O.

In Germany, Wawerka is unknown. Director Wim Wenders (playing himself in a cameo) never heard of him. This itself is revealing: "That Wenders had never heard of him spoke volumes," muses Lansink. In London, an old film collector (portrayed by Laslo Benedek, the director of the Marlon Brando classic, *The Wild One*) shows Lansink



the original prototype of Kong's fist, along with an illuminating picture of an unknown standing next to Marcel Delgado (special effects man on *King Kong*). But in Hollywood, Lansink discovers the shattering truth: Wawerka never existed; the man in the photo was Delgado's brother. (*!!!!*—eds.) Deciding to be resourceful, the journalist contrives to concoct a grand myth about the legendary director, travelling to Mexico to photograph his "tombstone" and tell of Wawerka's friendships with Eisenstein and Traven. Lansink considers Trotsky as a possible acquaintance but dismisses him. In the twist ending, Lansink's story is made into a film which is due to be shown at the 1985 Berlin Film Festival.

Burt Willis (from the original technical crew of *King Kong* has a cameo, along with Fritz Feld (in a fleeting glimpse playing a piano in a nightclub). Robert Armstrong appears as Carl Denham (speaking German!) in a clip from the original on T.V., along with a scene of Kong on the Empire State Building. Well, I liked it.



A dazed Bart Head (Gerry Quigley) recounts the horrors of an all-night editing session (don't we know it).

GOD-ART'S HAIRY MALE

by Robert Kennedy and Graham Stewart
"Jean-Luc Godard is sick and depraved." So the huge crowd at the Toronto Festival of Festivals screening of *Je Vous Salue Marie* was informed upon entering the University theatre on September 12th. Bearing this information was a small but zealous group of religious practitioners who did not, and probably never will, see the film.

Had they seen it, they probably would have been at least somewhat surprised. So too were many of those who are familiar with Godard's earlier work — although its treatment of Christian structures and institutions was quite unorthodox, it was far from scandalous or flippantly disrespectful. Christianity, which was once attacked by Godard in *Weekend* as "the failure to know oneself and the death of language," is, in this film, invoked largely intact as a backdrop for his exploration of, among other things, questions concerning human social relations and sexuality.

Everyone knows the story of the immaculate conception and it is easily recognizable, in an albeit altered form, in Godard's film. Mary, the high-school basketball player, becomes pregnant after a visit from the angel Gabriel and his 10-year-old side-kick; Joseph, who drives a cab, becomes obsessed with the question of the identity of the father — having thoroughly rejected the possibility that Mary is a virgin. This leads him to the desperate conclusion that he is the father, although this is clearly not possible — Mary is entirely chaste.

Mary's virginity is made abundantly clear in a key scene in which she reveals herself to Joseph, who reaches out to touch her. Before there is any contact, she fiercely prohibits any such contact, effectively renouncing her sexuality — her presumed desire — in favour of the purely reproductive function defined for her by God. In this scene, it is almost as if the space around Mary and Joseph is charged, traversed by an invisible but tangible set of codes that delineate and pre-determine the insular position into which Mary and Joseph are to be inserted. In this way, any question of Mary's subjectivity is effectively closed

off; she is produced purely and simply as the object of a pre-existent, constitutive and meaning-generating force, namely, the will of God-the-Father. Joseph, who spends the entire movie in a state of haggard frustration, is reduced to being a mere cipher — unable to win for himself the guarantee of paternity.

Despite the obvious surface violence that Godard has done to the story of Mary and Joseph, then, the impression gleaned from the film is that it is so saturated in the structures entrenched in and by Christianity that it cannot help but re-articulate their basic terms point for point. The question inevitably arises as to how Godard would situate himself with respect to these representations — is he embracing them or is he intervening critically? The somewhat ambiguous ending, which hinges on how Mary is represented, would appear to suggest the latter.

Throughout the film, Mary continually affirms the primacy of her body over her soul. This is hardly surprising in light of the fact that women are traditionally constructed by patriarchal institutions such as the church as carnal, corporeal and visually objectifiable. Alone, Mary's insistence on her own body would be merely an acceptance of her designated position that is actually articulated not by her but by men (or, let's say, by God, the church, etc.). This simple affirmation is exceeded, however, at the end of the film by an overwhelmingly ecstatic moment of pure flesh in the form of a huge close-up of Mary's mouth as she applies lipstick. The vaginal overtones implicit in this shot of the mouth, which is simply sensual and not tied to reproduction, would seem to suggest that Mary has at last defined for herself a sexuality that exceeds the limits placed on it by the controlling gaze of the church and its attendant hierarchy. Ironically, the fact that Mary uses lipstick situates her again as pure spectacle, since lipstick is heavily pre-coded as being "sexy".

So we are ultimately left with good old ambiguity as the curtain falls on this final shot. Godard is in the habit of making widely inclusive and complicated films so



it is sometimes difficult to resolve how one feels about them in any fixed way — much less decide how or where Godard fits in with any given interpretation. Technically, the film is quite beautifully executed — full of the narrative disjunctions and unpredictable sound intrusions and exclusions that have come to characterize Godard. These techniques are less integral to *Hail Mary* than to those films of, say, his middle period, however, in which they formed the basis of a multi-levelled cinematic autocriticism. As a result, they come off in *Hail Mary* as being somewhat gratuitous — the focus in this film lies less outside the film than it does within it and the binding force of the spectator's pre-awareness of the narrative.

It is probably evident by now that this review is hedging on any brass-tacks qualitative judgments concerning the film, such as whether it is a must-see or whether it deserves this or that many stars or superlatives or whether it's a piece of garbage or whatever. Audience response to the film was varied: some were excited by this film, others felt ambivalent or even suspicious and some plain didn't like it. Our advice is to go see it and decide for yourselves. Bring to it what you can and take away from it what you will.



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BRUCE ELDER RETRO LAMENTATIONS OR CONGRATULATIONS

by Ellen Ladowsky

Bruce Elder has proven a dominant figure in avant-garde Canadian cinema. His own films, his critical comments on the films of others, and his theoretical work on the proper project of Canadian cinema have left a controversial mark on the Canadian film landscape. On October 10, at 7 o'clock in Town Hall, the Innis Film Society, in conjunction with the A.G.O., will be premiering the first part of Elder's latest film, an eight hour epic entitled *Lamentations* (the second half will be screened the following evening at the Art Gallery of Ontario).

Elder's previous work as a filmmaker has been substantial. It includes a series of minor films, *Breath/Light/Birth* (1975), *She Is Away* (1975), *Barbara is a Vision of Loveliness* (1976), *Permutations and Combinations* (1976), *Look! We Have Come Through!* (1978), *Trace* (1980), and *Sweet Love Remembered* (1980), films heavily laden with a sense of self-contained bleakness and solitude. His major works, *The Art of Worldly Wisdom* (1979), *1857 (Fool's Gold)* (1981), and *Illuminated Texts* (1983), by contrast, reach out and set themselves in a broader context though at the same time remain uniformly dismal and sorrowful.

Elder's work as a theoretician has been equally significant and has sparked a bitter row in the Canadian cinema community. In his grant proposal for

Lamentations, he staked out a distinct and combative theoretical position on the present needs and long-term goals of Canadian cinema. Antagonized by Peter Harcourt's and Piers Handling's refusal to recognize and applaud his brand of experimental Canadian film at the 1984 Festival of Festivals, Elder published the core of his grant appeal as a brazen manifesto entitled "The Cinema We Need" in the February edition of *Canadian Forum*.

The philosophical foundation of Elder's manifesto can be located in the writings of George Grant. Both aspects of Elder's vision of the avant-garde — the artistic and the national — stem from this Canadian philosopher's description of the tragic effects of the modern technocracy. Elder echoes Grant in claiming that the march of technology has resulted in a great loss for modern man: a loss of his non-rational, experiential mindset, his sense of "the good itself". In his manifesto, Elder emphasizes the dominance of the "technical and managerial" mode of thinking, the extent to which instrumental reason permeates Canadian society and points to the role played by the United States (the great technological empire) in bringing about this condition. He sets up an alternative which he claims is vital to Canada's cultural survival: a turning away from the "will to mastery" and the "technical empire" and a turning towards the realm of the mystical. Elder sees a

certain variety of cinema as a crucial component in this project of Canadian identity: non-narrative. According to Elder, narration, with its cause and effect pattern is the artistic structure of technocracy and the artistic expression of instrumental reason. He advocates a cinema of "present perception" that breaks down and transcends the rational/sequential mindset of modern man and recaptures the fullness of human experience in all its contradictions and mysteries. In short, he places a certain type of avant-garde cinema at the forefront of the Canadian cultural project.

Criticism of Elder's position came hot and heavy. Critics like Robin Wood, Handling and Harcourt attacked Elder for the shocking elitism of his program. They claimed, with some justification, that avant-garde cinema of any sort has proven accessible only to a tiny, marginal group in Canadian society. Hence, these critics pointed out, Elder's "we" in "The Cinema We Need" could realistically only refer to a small handful of educated and artistic people. Wood expressed shock at what he saw as the profound apoliticism of Elder's argument: Handling dismissed Elder's treatment of technology as unnecessarily pessimistic. Harcourt, for his part, charged Elder with ignoring the primal need of human beings for naturalism and thus for narrative. Implicit in the attacks of all three critics was the convention that

Elder's theoretical position could produce nothing of broad value or import on the screen.

The first screening of *Lamentations* is thus a much anticipated event, one which could prove a turning point in the debate over "The Cinema We Need" and spell out the relationship between filmmaker and theorist. It may, in its success or failure, pass judgement on the arguments of the critics. It may reinforce or quell the concerns of those critics who question the possibility of grounding a Canadian cinema on Grant's profoundly pessimistic and despairing critique of technology (Grant sees modern man as so dominated by instrumental reason as to be without even the ability to envision an alternative segment of experience). If Elder is trying to create a vital and forward-looking cinema on the basis of a philosophy that declares the battle already lost, then he will be forced to abandon or alter his cinematic model in *Lamentations*. This screening may also reveal the uncrossable boundary between Elder the theoretician and Elder the filmmaker, verifying the accuracy of Bart Testa's picture of Elder as "an unhappy modern romantic", conjuring up images of that which he cannot create. Whatever the outcome, the premiere of *Lamentations* will provide much food for thought for Canadian and avant-garde enthusiasts.

If this debate doesn't interest you, I should also mention that our own David King and Bart Testa appear in this film. See you there.

GREAT EXCUSE NO. 37: It's not plagiarism...it's intertextuality.

THE QUIET EARTH

review by C.J. MacDonald

Interior: deserted church. An angry man wearing only a woman's tattered slip and toting a rifle shouts, "Where are you?" at the pulpit. His echo is the only reply. He waves his rifle at a plaster crucifix: "If you don't come out I'll shoot the kid!" Still no answer. He blows away the "kid." "And now I am God."

Considerably and understandably disturbed when he awakes from a suicide attempt to find himself seemingly the only living human on the planet, scientist Zac Hobson decides, "It's time I moved up in the world", and appoints himself God.

In Geoff Murphy's new film, *The Quiet Earth*, a multi-million dollar effort from New Zealand which is based upon the novel by Craig Harrison, Earth has "shifted sideways" as a result of an experiment that "was an American idea" (Big Surprise) and which has left reality skewed and unstable. The only people who survive *The Effect of "Project Flashlight"* are those who died at the exact moment of the shift.

Obviously, then, the question is whether they actually died and their perceived reality is some sort of Heaven/Hell or whether this horrible experiment really has occurred and marked itself as humankind's (read: "American") — they "are the world", after all) ultimate error in judgment. Decide for yourself, bucko.

In any case, Zac "moves up in the world" from a seedy motel to palatial decadence and sartorial frillery. But it's not long before he realizes the inherent vacuity of bourgeois society (what's the point of wearing a tuxedo and cutting the grass by remote-control when there's no one else out there dressed in rags and doing it by hand?) and he abandons it to search for company.

His search is rather amusing in a macabre sort of way. It crosses the border of the absurd when we see him, the last living human on Earth, repeatedly ringing a bell for service at a gas station. Or knocking on doors in suburbia; as always, "lights on, nobody home". Or the bumper sticker that reads "I've Seen E.T." Zac's



terrible loneliness is palpable as he wanders onto the playing field at a football stadium, his loss given form by the empty seats and silenced cheers. His humanity breaks down as the absence of familiar order becomes increasingly apparent to him. "I have been condemned to live," he mourns.

The Quiet Earth is, above all, despite its sf trappings, a journey through the soul, where humanity sits down for a chat with Godliness. But the film also succeeds as sf. The special effects are integral to the plot and work well for shock value (much like the final shot of the Statue of Liberty in *Planet of the Apes*, the focus is on what our love affair with technology could herald). And, as S. Wayne Clarkson attests, the final shot is an incredible and exciting revelation.

His fall from grace is marked by willful destruction as he regresses to something subhuman (destroying the crucifix, battering an empty baby carriage: these things have lost their meaning without context). When he declares himself God he is clearly following in the footsteps of his Father, a God of Destruction. But, of course, Zac's our hero; he has to achieve epiphany for any of this to have meaning. So he does, and a Nice Guy is reborn.

Nevertheless, Zac's rebirth is inconsequential without some frame of reference, so another two survivors show up. They share a sort of mystical relationship which excludes Zac (two's company but three's a crowd), and he is pushed even further from what's left of humanity, but upwards, this time, rather than downwards.

MARSHMALLOW

by Keith Dewar

At the beginning of *Poulet Au Vinaigre*, Chabrol places the audience, as observer, in an elegant outdoor soirée. The audience sees the party through the viewfinder of a 35mm camera. Each freeze-frame has a segment of the opening credits superimposed upon it. Following the credits, the audience is returned to its usual perspective. This opening sequence represents but one aspect of Chabrol's use of cinematography throughout the film. The party scene is the starting point for the tangled web of events which follow.

At the party, it is revealed that certain village officials desire the house owned by the Cunos. The Cunos are a mother and her son. Her son, a postman, allows her access to the mail of these village officials. The son also engages in active surveillance of Morasseau (the village doctor), Filiol (the village butcher) and Lavoisier (the village lawyer). Madame Curo's confinement to a wheelchair has not hampered her ability to keep track of their activities. Only her stranglehold over her son's life tarnishes her martyr-like image. These tensions (Stress! — eds.) mesh with the concern over the absence of Madame Morasseau. Ostensibly, Mme. Morasseau is vacationing in Switzerland. Lavoisier's mistress has an inkling that foul play is involved. Our postman has witnessed the increased agitation of M. Morasseau. The stakes in the feud between the Cunos and the villagers are raised when a prank, committed by le fils Cuno, results in tragedy. (Not so funny, huh, kid? — eds.) Filiol's death, in a car accident, brings the detective, M. Lavardin, onto the scene. Initial impressions of M. Lavardin are slightly deceptive. His desire to solve the case overrides any concern

vis-a-vis the niceties of the law. Complicated, isn't it? (I'll say! — eds.)

Meanwhile, Henriette, our postman's co-worker, has a hunch that le fils Cuno may be responsible, in part, for Filiol's death. She uses this intuition plus her natural charms to entice our hero for an evening on the town. The outing is financed by her dipping into the post-office till. Unfortunately, le fils Cuno has forgotten his mother's plans for the evening. (Inconsiderate slob! — eds.) This conflict opens a rift in the mother-son bond. His mother's view of young women is quite negative. She considers them a threat to her control of her son (Oedipus rears his ugly head yet again! — eds.). The postman soon allows Henriette to accompany him during evening observations of M. Morasseau. Lavardin uses his observation of Cuno's other activities to eventually convince Cuno to co-operate. Since I hate to reveal endings (oh good! — eds.), my feeble attempts at plot summary should end at this point. (Yessiree, Bobs 'n' Bettys! — eds.) Suffice to say that the end reveals that Madame Cuno may not have been totally invalid.

The complex machinations of the film's narrative left me with little time to absorb the intricacies of the film's mechanics. The magnificent cinematography allowed the audience to experience a more vivid sensation of three dimensionality. Chabrol's mise-en-scène certain abets this process and the editing allows one to follow the separate strands of narrative with ease and without boredom too. (Not like this review — eds.)

Thematically, Chabrol picks apart the elements of that particular society. His desire is to shed light on the grey areas of relationships. Chabrol views relationships as being erected on mutual deception. The downfall of the powerful is another concern. Chabrol's desire to present human characters means that the major characters are not presented in the best possible light.

This taut thriller is certainly worth your attention. Claude Chabrol has constructed a thriller with human touch. His characters are motivated by emotions which are often evident in many of us. (Speak for thyself — eds.)



AURICLE SEX

by Lisa Godfrey

Some months ago, whilst browsing amongst the politically correct at the Toronto Women's Bookstore, I came upon a collection of paperbacks whose genre grieved me to the marrow: lesbian romance novels. Alas, I thought, disillusioned — the marshmallow wand of mediocrity spares no sexual preference.

Regrettably, a similar response is evoked by the Contemporary World Cinema screening of *Desert Hearts*. The film is the first feature by American director Donna Deitch, who has previously worked in documentary and experimental forms. According to the Festival programme, Deitch first decided to bring Jane Rule's 1964 novel of a lesbian love to the screen because, "there hadn't been a film about a love relationship between women that hadn't ended in suicide ... or in a bisexual triangle ... just a love story, like any love story between a man and a woman, handled in a fairly frank and real way..."

It is an undeniably admirable purpose to visually articulate the inarticulated in a cinematic form accessible to a potentially diverse audience. However, the problems inherent in Deitch's approach seem equally undeniable. Can a literary source which concentrates upon the interior conflicts of the protagonist transfer effectively to the screen? Does "...just a love story, like any love story..." produce insightful or innovative cinema?

Natalie Cooper's screenplay retains the central metaphors of the novel while altering the characters to create a more sensual, romantically tense atmosphere. A middle-aged academic, Vivian Bell, arrives in a casino-infested Reno, Nevada, to reluctantly fulfill the residency requirements she needs to divorce her husband of twelve years. At the ranch where she boards, Vivian encounters Kay, a young woman who embodies the qualities of energy, strength and freedom which the older woman denies in herself.



The two women are increasingly drawn to one another, until Kay initiates the sexual involvement which forces Vivian to re-examine and re-evaluate her past and future. Should she gamble on an unproven game, or return to the parched but familiar landscape of her life before Kay?

Surprisingly, the film concludes much more ambiguously than the novel.

Ambiguity seems the central flaw of *Desert Hearts*, resulting in lapses of logic and reduced impact. In particular, the period of time in which the story occurs is evidently the 1950's, an era easily recreated visually. Deitch chooses to neutralize costuming, retain the eternal kitsch of modern Reno, and completely ignore the social/cultural context of the action. I seriously doubt that Reno was so progressive as to virtually ignore open lesbianism beyond a few clucked tongues and familial disapproval. And surely divorce had more significance to a middle-aged woman in fifties America than Deitch allows in ninety-three minutes. Also disturbingly nebulous is the presentation of Vivian Bell (Helen Shaver) as a fragile, shaken woman with no real life experience beyond what she reveals in the gratuitous, pedantic monologues which supposedly function as filmic equivalents of internal thought processes. There is an unintentional suggestion, generated through this lack of psychological depth,

that Vivian's relationship with Kay is merely an experiment by one seeking herself after years of repressive order.

Helen Shaver's interpretation of Professor seems overdrawn, perhaps in compensation for the script. The result is a palsied performance alliance between Jane Austen and John Diefenbaker. This is in sharp contrast to Patricia Charbonneau as Kay, whose subtle development and self-assurance energize the film significantly. The unsentimental humour and emotional warmth of the supporting actors, notably Audra Lindley and Gwen Welles, also provides an antidote to the tired conventions of movie romance Deitch finds it necessary to include. *Desert Hearts* continues, but does not subvert, the clichés of heterosexual love stories: the rain-drenched kiss, the melodramatic adieu at the train station, even the golden lighting of physical love scenes. When Deitch employs quasi-experimental techniques — such as slow/stop motion sequence, or horizontal wipes — they seem incongruous and mannered within the linearity of the narrative style.

If *Desert Hearts* has made any contribution to the expansion of woman-identified culture, it is in the suggestion that human relationships are the primary unit of social politics, and the ability to mutually respect and compromise within them is essential to human growth. For lesbians, to have their sexual lives celebrated in a forthright and erotic manner in commercial film, *Desert Hearts* must seem a welcome addition to their history. Filmmically, Deitch's work remains an entertaining but failed attempt to adapt a work of inspiring literature into provocative mainstream narrative cinema.

Desert Hearts is distributed by the Samuel Goldwyn Company, and will be released in Canada in March, 1986.



DUSTIN HOFFMAN decapitated a bellhop outside a hotel at the Deauville Film Festival in France. The casually attired superstar was in the midst of a shopping spree



Some words of advice...

Innis Film Society ... Schedule for October
Oct. 10 Lamentations pt. 1 (pt. 2 at AGO on Oct. 11). Bruce Elder's latest avant-garde extravaganza.

Oct. 17 Blood Simple (we hope).

Oct. 31 (Larry Cohen's) Demon (Gold Tole

Oct. 31 (Larry Cohen's) Demon (God Told Me To) / (John Carpenter's) The Thing. Two scary winners.

N.B. All screenings will be in the Town Hall on Thursdays at 7:00. Phone 978-7434 for more info.

KOFFLER OBSERVED

by Adam Sobolak

The Koffler Student Services Centre is now open, and it appears so far that it is that rare, nay miraculous, bird — a St. George Campus building project that isn't a fiasco, visual or otherwise. And like many such successes, it went off without a hitch. We were accustomed to buying textbooks from a leftover dairy garage, and job-searching on an upper-floor of an anonymous office building, and scraping ourselves on icy parking lots on the way to any stuffy makeshift office in any pathetically stranded house; that, it seemed, was the destiny of overgrown and overblown U of T. But there were some in higher places who thought otherwise, and could afford to pay for a solution. So, over the past three years the sleeping giant that is the old Central Reference Library was quietly transformed, and now we can only thank those much-maligned bureaucrats on Governing Council for GETTING THE JOB DONE RIGHT. At Last! Let us all blush.

The building is no stranger to capitalist benevolence. If a drugstore tycoon helped to fix it up, an American steel magnate paid for its construction in the first place. Andrew Carnegie was concerned with common virtue, so much so that no self-respecting North American town of the first quarter of this century could be without a "Carnegie library". In Toronto Carnegie financed several branches, in addition to the main library at College and St. George, which was built in 1907-1909 to the winning design of young Alfred Chapman (in association with Wickson & Gregg), who would become one of the most prolific and distinguished Toronto architects of the following three decades (his works include Knox College, the Royal Ontario Museum, and the Princess' Gate at the Exhibition).

The familiar image of a "Carnegie Library" is one of a compact and boxy Classical structure, usually with a projecting section in the centre marking the entrance. In this regard, the Central Library is atypical, and much more elegant; with the Royal Alexandra Theatre by John Lyle, it represents one of the paragons of Beaux-Arts influence in Toronto, in that it wholeheartedly accepts the 16th-to-18th century French stylings popular in Paris's highly reputable Ecole des Beaux-Arts. It is easy to see why, for Chapman (like Lyle) had studied at the Ecole lately and would have been eager to display the results of his training on this, his first Toronto project. Characteristic are the tall Composite pilasters framing large segmental windows (with "door-knocker" wreaths atop the scrolled keystones), the corners accentuated by curved pediments, the setting of the main levels upon a *piano nobile* (i.e. the first floor is accentuated over the ground level), and the overall long and low proportions which make the structure seem to "float" along the ground.

The disadvantage of many Beaux-Arts buildings is that they are parts in search of a whole, crying out for a civic centre or World' Fair or some such context in which they can make sense. With its lack of central emphasis, the old library almost falls into this trap; especially since the context is more bleakly institutional now than 75 years ago (despite the mature trees which still form shade). But when it was built, the library formed an attractive contrast to a still substantially residential College and St. George; its response is still evident in the facing of homey yellow brick, rather than smooth stone. And by accentuating the corners over the centre, Chapman could focus directly on the strategic corner location, into which the entrance stair flows with logical ease and welcome. (Look carefully — the College facade is not symmetrical!) The Gallic integrity of the styling carries the rest — although Chapman did not hesitate to add a Canadian touch with some carved oak branches, and even the leaves on the capitals are disconcertingly oak-like.

Inside, grand marble stairs marched up to the great reference Reading Room, before turning up to reach further spaces; with its ample windows, arches, and ornate thirty-foot ceilings, the space was one of the most dramatic in Toronto, awesomely celebrating the act of reading,

yet not without a certain easy warmth which would characterize Chapman's future work big and small. See if you can spot the books in the ceiling decoration!

Originally there was a lending library located in the basement of the building; in twenty years the space needs grew so that an extension was needed. Designed by the same architects (Chapman now in partnership with Oxley), this addition is recognizable by its brown brick and flatter, more rectilinear proportions; inside the reading room was low and amorphous whereas the original was a tall volume, but in detail, with its Egyptoid columns, it complements the earlier space. On the upper floor of the addition was an auditorium which, as renovated into the Central Library Theatre by Irving Grossman in the 1960's, was a pioneer space for alternative theatre for Toronto. Other additions were made for the books stacks and children's library at about the same time, but by large the building retained its character, somewhat the worse for wear, before its contents were shifted to the new Toronto Reference Library at Yonge and Asquith in 1977. Rented by the engineers burnt out of Sanford Fleming, the old library faced an uncertain future until the University bought it outright in 1980 and prepared for its conversion.

Undeniably, a factor in the success of Central Reference's conversion is the fact that the architect Howard D. Chapman, working in association with Howard V. Walker, is the original architect's son. "Adaptive reuse" is now a familiar term in architectural circles, but rarely have the results been as discreet and sympathetic as here. It helped that the facilities lent themselves perfectly. What could be more logical than the U of T Bookroom inside the old Reading Room, and the Drama Centre occupying the upper floor with the old auditorium, for example? They couldn't miss.

The two main spaces inside the building to be preserved were the Reference Reading Room with its stair, and the later Lending Library. In both, the details (mainly of plaster) were restored, as was the painting scheme of the ceiling and the capitals, picked out in gold and green and orange so that it seems to have stepped out of a colour illustration in an architectural periodical of the time. With especially happy results has lighting and servicing been installed into these ceilings, and the separation by glass screens of the Bookstore and Career Centre from circulation space is not disrespectful. In the Career Centre, created out of the Lending Library, the architects were able to reuse the original shelving, and by spotlighting the arched and coffered St. George entrance they added an unlikely but cherishable touch of drama. The results in the Bookroom, planned by an American library consultant, are not so fortunate, for the overabundance of books and shelving negates the original serenity

of the room. One used to be able to look around to experience the space; no one can only look up, one is forced to look up while being closed in by novels and Russian studies and English-Spanish and Spanish-English dictionaries. Inevitable, perhaps, but a shame. At least there's some spirit in the many-windowed medicine section, and there's wit in the art books section being framed by original volutes.

So far we have dealt with the restoration of the old; now for the new. The one big change is the transformation of the central light well separating the St. George wing from the old library stacks (expressed by the vertical windows) into an Atrium topped by a peaked skylight. As circulation, this works quite well in its horizontal and vertical unification of space; aesthetically, it works less well. Some may dismiss the atrium ideas as a cliché, but in this context it makes sense as functional space, and may one day be recognized as reflecting OUR Zeitgeist. The real problems lie in the half-hearted Post-Modern details, less the keystoned arches running along the roof ridge (which do enliven a potentially barren space) than the abstracted "temple" doorways along the bottom, which make one hanker for Lumberking. Preferable by far are the bright and playful renovations for the Drama Centre, with the segmentally arched lobby space echoing the shell-like ceiling in the once-again renewed theatre space.

But the atrium brings us to a dilemma. For all the commendability of the Koffler renovation, it remains basically that — a renovation. Other than that, it offers no truly positive vision, no new models to follow. We are incapable of building structures and spaces with the magnificence of the old library, seemingly. We can just polish up what's there; it's cheaper with our own resources and materials, a work which conveys the same sort of logic, the solid confidence, present in a building like the Central Reference? Nope; only renewal, aping, or copying out. So many buildings are renovated because we know we can't equal the past. Hubris is dead.

And then there are the other, more humble matters. Like Koffler's peripheral location on the campus, which gives the Vic students bunsions, and the fact is student services are of the authorized type, so there is hardly a real student lounge, etc. But why be too harsh? At a time when the U of T was low on funds and this building becomes available, it was a decent solution, the best conceivable. It concentrated those dispersed services in superior quarters. And besides, "approved" services are popular with the Governing Council bureaucracy. Remember — these people are supposed to be holier than thou. But at least they do things.

Come on now, build more. Show'em what a lucid modern vision is.

GEORGE ANTHONY WITH A THESAURUS?

by Glenn Suni

Jay Scott wants to have it all. He wants to appeal to high- and low- and middle-brow movie audiences. He wants people who read *American Film* magazine to be just as happy with his book as people who rely on *Entertainment Tonight* and Brian Linehan for the latest Hollywood gossip. He wants to discuss Dolly Parton's breasts with the same fervour that he talks about the life and work of Rainer Werner Fassbinder. He wants integrity, and he also wants accessibility. He wants to be serious, funny, chatty, descriptive, bitchy, and sympathetic — all at the same time. And does he succeed? Well, yes and no.

Structurally, *Midnight Matinees* is divided into two parts, the first consisting of ten longish essays, and the second of selected reviews published in the *Globe and Mail* between 1978 and 1985.

The ninety or so reviews are consistently good, and are marked by a wit and intelligence that we have come to expect of the writer over the years. In a few short lines, Scott can get to the heart of a film, stay there, feel his way around, and nicely wrap up a review with a remarkable insight and a

catchy phrase or two. Importantly, Scott realizes that the critic has a duty to perform, both to his audience and to the film in question. Thus he very rarely lapses into self-indulgence (like Pauline Kael), and he avoids being glib and dismissive at a film's expense (like Ron Base or Kelly DeVries), unless the film is totally, relentlessly bad (Pia Zadora and *The Lonely Lady* are dismissed in just over a paragraph). His review of *The Deer Hunter* is a model of balance and structure, combining critical objectivity with personal experience (he recalls a high school friend, an alter ego of sorts, who died in Vietnam, and the result is superb. He argues for and against Cimino, and his conclusion ("One does not have to agree with *The Deer Hunter* to sympathize. One does not have to like it to recognize its value") rings incredibly true; it resonates.

The strongest pieces in the book come from the ten essays, a few of which previously appeared in *American Film* magazine. Perhaps "essays" is too loose a word to describe them, for they range drastically in subject matter, style and quality. A serious and politically sensitive account of the stage of the film industry in Latin America — arguably the best piece of writing in the book — is lumped together with a breezy, downright gossipy piece covering seven years at the Cannes Film Festival. Cranted, when Scott writes gossip, it is amusing and fun — he even provides his own title headlines for each anecdote. But really, it is the fact that an Italian writer thinks E.T. might be about Elizabeth Taylor really worthy of a writer who, as the publishers boast on the back cover, is "the only Canadian journalist to win the National Newspaper Award for criticism three times"? I don't think so.

More satisfying is the piece on the history of the Canadian film industry, aptly called "The Burnout Factory: Canada's Hollywood". With all the stops pulled out, Scott coolly and objectively surveys some major films and filmmakers that have come out of this country — good and bad, commercial and experimental. With the same enthusiasm, he charts successes and failures, supply and demand. He touches on the government financing of film, and he has some pretty nasty things to say about the National Film Board. Concluding this informative piece with a look at two recent Canadian films (*The Grey Fox* and *The Wars*), Scott lightly suggests that the future of the film industry in our country might soon brighten. For both these films show that we are no longer simply trying to imitate American films, but are instead searching within, are gaining confidence in ourselves, and are realizing that "our" stories are worthy of being told. "Canada's Hollywood", in other words, might just become "Canada's Canada."

A popular essay right now might be the opening piece "The Death Factory: Paul Schrader's Tokyo," a behind-the-scenes look at the making of *Mishima*, which played at the recent Festival of Festivals and is now in its first run. Scott's research into both director Schrader and author Mishima is impressive and flawlessly presented. This strong piece acts as a good companion to the film.

In fact, the whole book is a useful reference tool for serious students of film as well as the average film buff. Its broad range of material finally works to advantage, as it effortlessly concerns all or most aspects of the film industry, generally pleasing all.

There are, however, some flaws. I think Scott may have made an error in his review of *The Big Chill*. Naturally, I agree with his statement that this slick flick is "big, beautiful, and echoingly empty," but he goes on to say that the movie never explains why Nick (William Hurt) can no longer make love. I think the idea is that something happened to Nick in Vietnam, which resulted in his impotence.

And finally, the title, "Midnight Matinees" is a curiously weak, still title — it doesn't do anything for the material in between the covers. In the introduction to the book, Scott writes of a time when movies "really mattered": "It was always midnight, yet every screening was a matinee." I suppose he is alluding to the timeless beauty of film, the sheer excitement that one gets seeing a classic piece of cinema. I wonder, though, if Scott toyed with the idea of calling his book *The Dream Factory*, a far more suggestive and, considering the titles of the essays, ("The Death Factory," "The Patriot Factory," etc), cohesive possibility. This alternate title would have provided the nostalgic tone he desired, and it would have expanded upon the dreamlike, magical quality of good film — a concept that is only hinted at in the standing title.



THE POP SCENE

by Pierre Blum

Since last month's debut of "The Pop Scene" video column, I have been completely overrun with comments, suggestions, insults, death threats, and of course, the usual marriage proposals.

But most interesting of these comments was the criticism that voiced a concern that the column had reviewed video's which were too current — too new for the plebeians to have seen.

Their criticism went like this: "Pierre, you are such a hip-cat-swinging-dude and are in touch with the latest that the world of video has to offer. I, however, can never aspire to those heights, and thus I am out of touch with what is happening."

Well fortunately I cannot relate to these proles at all. Like, when you're around these guys you have to set your watch back 2 years.

This is not to say that I don't understand what they're complaining about. They want to understand videos, but the videos I dealt with were too current for their pathetic lives to have stumbled across. So, to remedy the situation, I think I shall review the "Classics" of the video genre. These are videos that have been around for a while, that many people might have seen: these are some of the best that video has offered us. Like wow.

By dealing with these video classics, perhaps more people will be able to relate to just exactly what the true essence of an excellent video is. *Oui, Bien sur, la tete d'homme est plein de la merde (The classics live with us forever.)*. Oh those French... what a way with words.

The ingredients of the classic video, however, are not so easily documented. What elements combine to produce the best possible video? Is it the thought-provoking imagery? Naaah. Is it the rich cinematography? Naaah. Is it the scantily clad nubile young women? Ah, now there's the rub!

A classic video, in more general terms, must satisfy several criteria. First, it must avoid cliches, such as the guy-meets-girl-girl-rejects-guy-guy-gets-angry-they-get-back-together-and-live-happily-ever-after scenario. Second, the video must be able to be watched several times without inducing boredom or vomiting, whichever comes first. Thus, the *Arthur Valle 6 O'Clock Stock Market Report* (if it were in video) would not be considered a classic. Finally, to be a classic, a video must cause Jerry Falwell some concern. Anything that is so squeaky clean that it does not provoke Falwell's wrath is, quite simply, doo-doo. Bishop Desmond Tutu should make a video.

Well, by now all the engineers reading this are getting frustrated by the use of such large words as "doo-doo", so I will move on to the more controversial part: the dreaded reviews of the classic videos...

PUBLIC IMAGE LTD. - Theme - See Johnny. See Johnny flap his arms and try to fly. See Johnny flap his arms just like Joe Cocker. Hear the music? Wonderful. This video is a classic because it is so bad, but yet so good. What does that

mean, I don't know, I'm not your fucking professor.

DURAN DURAN - Wild Boys - The guys with "the look" outdid themselves with one of the most intricate, lavish, exciting, intense videos ever to be produced. Could this be the best video ever? I wouldn't doubt it. Simon LeBon steals the Road Warrior look, and comes off so tough that I ate nails for breakfast for a week just to be as tough as him.

THE ROLLING STONES - Undercover - I am not at all a big Stones fan, and when people say that their earlier material is better, I am bewildered. BUT, and as Pee-Wee said, everybody has a big butt, this is a superb video from these geriatrics. "Daring" is an understatement. It even shows an execution, which caused it to be banned by the BBC. And besides receiving my praise for this video, Jagger also has Jerry Hall. Some guys have all the luck.

DAVID BOWIE - Ashes to Ashes - Receiving near unanimous praise around the globe, this video broke new ground in introducing almost surrealistic proportions into video. Fish. No list of classics would be complete without it. Pablo. Garden Hose. Da.

DISCIPLINE AND PUNISH - Love That Boot - Taken from their album "This is the Post-Modern World", *Love That Boot* is about as happy as Nietzsche is Chinese. Evil... macabre... like Pippi Longstockings in Hell. Definitely not for the faint of heart, D & P test your gag reflex as they present such horrific scenes as Mary Brown in a 3-way freeway and... oh, I can't go on. Don't seek out this gem unless your OHIP premiums have been paid up.

PLATINUM BLONDE - Doesn't Really Matter - Look, I don't own any albums by these Toronto boys, but they are coooo-L. If you think that they don't know what they're doing, you're stupider than I thought you were for reading this column. The video is excellent for its use of dream sequence and black/white/red colour contrast. For a real freakshow, check out the two blonde women banging on the door who look exactly like Mark Holmes (or does Holmes look like them?).

BLUE PETER - Don't Walk on Past - More Canadian content that makes for excellent viewing. The highlight is Paul Humphrey's dancing towards the end of the video: as Iggy Pitt put it, "The man has absolutely no sense of rhythm, but shit, can he dance." And Iggy knows because he's Black and dances three times better than most White guys. So there.

RATIONAL YOUTH - No More, No Less - This is the video that the whole world oohed and aahed about. This is the video that girls died for (suicide, I believe). This is one of the best videos of all time. Of course, this has absolutely nothing to do with the fact that I am in it. Nothing at all. No.

THE CLASH - Clampdown - As far as live videos go, this should be the industry standard. Unfortunately, it has nothing to

photo by David Marcovitz



Sneak pic of Mötley Crüe in their upcoming video: "I Was a Teenage Satan".

YES! NO!

do with the industry, but with the band itself. The Clash put out so much energy that I'm sure the temperature in the Bond Club (in New York, where the video was filmed during 2 weeks of Clash shows) must have hovered around 400 degrees. Talk about inspirational.

MADONNA - Borderline - Madonna is nobody now, but she sure was a somebody when she did this video. They set out to make a video that was cute, pouty, teasing and sexy. They got a video that was cute, pouty, teasing and sexy. What more can be said?

TWISTED SISTER - We're Not Gonna Take It - "What do you want to do with your life? I wanna rock!" How many times did you hear the cement heads on Yonge Street say that? Twisted Sister are the new Ramones. So simple that even you can understand them. Gabba gabba hey! Dee Snider dresses like a girl and makes a million. You know what I want to see? Dee Snider and Boy George versus Mr. T and The Terminator in a wrestling match. Killer.



THE SILENCERS - Peter Gunn - You never saw this video because it was played only once on City Limits (I think) and that was about 5 years ago. It is one of the earliest video efforts and comes from an era that saw Don Letts as the exemplary producer. While Letts didn't do this video, he did dominate this time frame so much that other minor efforts such as this reworking of *Peter Gunn* got lost in the shuffle.

BAUHAUS - Bela Lugosi's Dead - Although technically it's a scene from a movie (*The Hunger*), I am including it here because I'm writing the goddamn column and not you. This song is so good that even if the video had been of old ladies playing bridge, it would have been excellent. That may sound contradictory to you, but so be it. Who's in charge here, anyway?

MIDNIGHT OIL - Read About It - Another obscure video (this seems to be deteriorating into last month's column) from an extremely unpopular band in North America. Midnight Oil hails from Australia, but we'll forgive them for that. Anyways, this is a very didactic video which has proved to be extremely fun considering the very heavy nature of the lyrics. Ah, you probably don't understand.

SIDNEY VICIOUS, ESQ. I - My Way - With apologies to Frank Sinatra, this video is AWESOME. Part of the Sex Pistols' *Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle*, the video snorts offensiveness to the point where many viewers wish they had never been born. Sid is the kind of scum that one finds under fingernails, but he succeeds in giving rock'n'roll the burial AND eulogy that it so deserved at the time. Progressive rock had polluted the music industry to the point where Sid had to come out and do it his way. And that he did. Sid Vicious died in 1978. May he burn in hell (he would have wanted it that way).

Well at least we ended on a happy note. I would also like to mention that by no means is this a comprehensive list of classic videos. I may have forgotten one or two. See, who says I can't admit when I'm wrong? If you think that a certain video should have been included, buy me a beer and we'll talk (I used that line last column, but who cares, I love free stuff — not like Warner, eh Ken?).

In closing, just remember that only you can prevent me from returning again next issue, so keep your hate mail coming. I love correcting your spelling mistakes.

HYPNOTIZIN' BOOGIE

by Ted Sankey

For a largely ignored artist as David Wilcox, the latest "Best of" release seems aimed at drawing out long deserved attention to the work of Canada's premier rock 'n' roll rhythm and bluesman. And so it should. The songs, or rather the classics contained here are the flagship selections from three previous albums. In addition, there are two new tracks, "Blood Money" and "When You Mistreat Her" both recorded in England.

"That Hypnotizin' Boogie," a minor radio hit (CRTC content obligation) with modern music's most classical, primordial riff continues not to be played by, but to *play* one's own stereo with a feeling that is thunderous and infectious. Musically, Wilcox's material is steeped in traditional jazz and amphetamine punk influences are also utilized—consistent with current music's fanatically incestuous nature. His passionate and eclectic acoustic/electric guitar style coupled with occasional fiery bottleneck work and his warm, distinctive vocals have together allowed him to pen such ear traps as "Downtown Came Uptown", "Bad Apple" and the rhythm-bound, "Do The Bear Cat".

As an interpreter of the genre, Wilcox, with his lyrical blues sophistication is unassumingly honest in our cold, soul-starved world. So even in addition to the bozy, smoke-filled production by Sadia, the bar hopping sage continues to be denied the greater appreciation owed to him. His music is a hot pan which fries the inhumanity out his listeners. Then with what remains he infuses melodic, classic, humble wisdom. (*Block that metaphor!—eds*)

If you are curious and/or poor consider the compilation but you would be pressed to collect his earlier material as well. It's all there in the stores patiently gathering the dust of a fat, profitable music business. Moreover, the co-requisite to discovering David Wilcox is to see him live and so he will be at Scarborough Campus on November 15.

RECIPE

EASY TURNIP PURÉE

Preparation time: 10 min

Cooking time: 12-min

Makes: 6 servings

1 2-lb (1-kg) turnip
2 slices bacon
2 tbsp butter
Pinches of salt and freshly ground black pepper
¼ cup sour cream or table cream
Pinch of ground thyme (optional)

Peel and cut turnip into quarters, then thinly slice. Cut bacon into 1-inch pieces. Place raw bacon and sliced turnip in a large saucepan containing a generous amount of water. Bring to a boil. Then boil gently, partially covered, for about 12 minutes or until fork-tender. Drain well. Then place half the turnip and half the bacon in a food processor fitted with a metal blade. Add 1 tablespoon butter and pinches of salt and pepper. Whirl, using an on-and-off motion, until fairly smooth. Add half the cream and whirl until smooth. Turn into a serving bowl. Repeat with remaining turnip and bacon, butter and seasonings. Add to serving bowl. Stir both batches together to combine. Serve immediately.

About 82 calories per serving

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INNIS PAST WINNERS

by Vic Chiasson

Has the Innis sports empire reached its zenith only to follow the path of Rome or Britain or can it fight off the crucities of greatness?

The 1984-85 season saw Innis athletes and their respective teams do as well as ever before. Three, count them: three major championships were won by this college in what many have seen as Innis College's zenith of athletic achievements. Sure we captured the T.A. Reed in 1966, but aside from being ancient history, the college won only one championship that year. Truly 1984-85 was the ultimate in achievement for Innis College, athletically.

Starting this year in rousing fashion was the Crimson Tide tackle football team. Not only did they fashion a very respectable 5-1-1 record on their way to capturing the coveted Mulock Cup, but they provided exceptional excitement and entertainment for the spectators.

The team defeated everyone in the league at least once and revenge the tie and loss that blemished a possible perfect season. The effort by the team in 1984-85 and in the championship, made up for the poor to mediocre efforts of the previous years' teams. The building process that the club officials used blossomed successfully and the Crimson Tide reigned over all Division II football.

In the middle of winter the second accolade was bestowed upon Innis College due to the Herculean (sorry, there isn't a female equivalent) efforts of the Screaming Beagles women's volleyball team. They fashioned an undefeated season and captured the Trophy for supremacy of Division II volleyball.

The women proved to be the dominant force in the league and took home the hardware for the second time in three years. There was no contest for the team that was too hard, steamrolling through the season and playoffs to greatness. At the conclusion of the season the team was able to survey the conquests made and bring fame and glory to dear old alma mater — Innis College.

The final chapter of the glorious story of Innis College's 1984-85 year was supplied by the men's hockey Innis Flames who captured the elusive Jennings Cup emblematic of hockey supremacy.

The predecessor to the Flames, the Innis Rockies, had always been competitive, always in contention, but failed to capture the cup. The 1984-85 season saw the Flames rising phoenix-like out of the ashes of the Rockies and singed the competition while rolling up a 6-1-1 regular season record and adding four more victories in the playoffs to cart off the championship.

Along the way the team outscored their opponents on average 7-3 disproving allegations that the team had few scorers and no defence.

The Innis Flames — kings of the castle in 1984-85 — enjoy the privileges of being supreme in Division III hockey.

Where will the college athletes go now? Shall we rest on our laurels obtained during the College's vicennial? Previous imperial legacies dictate that when the conquering is over the society degenerates and the empire collapses. Innis College athletes conquered all in Men's tackle football, Men's tackle ice hockey, and Women's volleyball. Will degeneracy set in (has it already?), will the empire collapse? We think not!

Sport is a funny thing; one year you're big, one year you're not. Conquests are always available for the taking, thus stimulating our reigning champions. But other athletic teams at Innis College are rumbling about wanting a piece of the glory pie. The men's basketball team who have been contenders for years see this year as the turning point; men's soccer views their chances in very optimistic tones; and women's flag football feels more confident.

Perhaps these team can make their point in 1984-85; let's get out and participate and help them on to victory. Let us, each and every one of us, do our part. Let 1984-85 be the year the EMPIRE STRIKES BACK. GO TEAM GO! YEAH!!



— Richard Marcovitz

Innis College has its first Rugby team this year. After forfeiting their opening game, the team won 21-10 over Erindale on Tuesday, Sept. 24. Next game is Wednesday, October 2 at 5:15 at UC Back Campus. Anyone interested in playing is welcome — no experience required.

HACKY-SACK

by Debra A Karp

Spanning the North American continent, from sea to shining sea, the Hacky Sack has the young and the young at heart on their feet.

What is this phenomenon that has become the "de rigeur" in recreational activities from campus quads to public school playgrounds? What may seem relatively new to the ignoramuses of the sports world is actually a game undergoing a renaissance after nearly two thousand years of dormancy.

The game was created in the vicinity of 1 AD (give or take a century or so) in the exotic, distant countries of Asia. Thailand and Burma have distinguished themselves as the "place where it all began".

The game spread throughout the South Pacific and upwards to Korea and then worked its way across the European continent. (I witnessed small Turkish boys on the banks of the Bosphorus, playing a version of the game with dried sheep turds.)

The sport has evolved over the past couple of millennia and has moved its venue of play from the mountainous plains of the Himalayas, to the sandy beaches of California and the austere, ivy-covered establishments of the east coast.

The Hacky of today has its roots in a small, rice-filled leather sack who had a feather of a mystical, exotic Nepalese bird attached to it for counter-balance, something akin to the feathers on a badminton birdie.

Its popular revival has spawned a multitude of Hacky clubs and interest groups aimed at elevating the sport to national prominence. The most powerful of these groups is the North American Foot Bag Association. This association sponsors nation-wide tournaments and competitions all leading to the annual, glorious Hacky Sack Cup.

It is difficult to pin-point the reason behind Hacky's recent reappearance. I spoke to several aficionados on campus and their responses to my question of "why?" were fairly diversified. One University College freshman swears by his Hacky Sack as a means to quit smoking. "Whenever I feel the urge to have a butt, I chew on my Hacky instead." Another student, a third year Innis Environmental Studies major, says, "I play Hacky to alleviate nervous tension and sexual frustration. Besides, it's safe and doesn't harm the ozone." Personally, I play Hacky to relieve chronic insomnia.

David Evans, of Touch the Sky Inc., 836 Yonge Street, carries a multitude of foot bags, ranging in price from \$7.99 to the more expensive WHAM-O sack at \$11.95. Differing sack quality is the reason behind the variations in price. Real leather and genuine bean filling (plus WHAM-O's name and elaborate packaging) justify the higher-priced models.

What final words can be said in favour of this born again sport? It's non-sexual. It's healthy and it promotes good sportsmanship and interaction between players. Besides, it's the hottest thing to have hit Innis College since Bart Testa began teaching INI12. Join the rage and let us make Hacky Sack the official sport of the 1988 Olympic games.

BYD. Rafael
Innis Royals Soccer Club is off to a fast start this year. With a strong contingent of returning players and a good sprinkling of new talent the Royals have won both of their matches. The first win was 2-0 against Pharmacy grads. This well deserved result was followed up with a devastating victory over the Geography grads. With the oldtimers dealt with, we next face the International students. If we win that one I think I'll have to ask Mike (Zryd) to order the champagne.

WOMEN'S ATHLETICS

It's football season and Innis is charging onto the field once again. We have a good team of spirited girls that are improving rapidly. So far Innis has played well against both Phys. Ed. and Forestry. Thanks are due to our captain Vicky and our quarterback Anna Marie who have both done a super job for the team.

Any new players are encouraged to come out and join in the fun.

Volleyball and hockey seasons are also commencing so all Innis girls will participate in the sport of their choice.

Shanti Fernando
Women's Athletic Rep.

MEN'S ATHLETICS

Dear Males,

The Innis season has begun in Tackle and Touch Football, Soccer, and Rugby with Tennis Doubles and Track and Field waiting in the wings. The Crimson Tide, Owls, Royals, and Neophytes all look good although Richard Marcovitz and Mike Diben are looking for more players for the Rugby team. Watch the new, improved Men's Athletic Board for details on practices and games for all sports.

The real drama, however, will be seen at the Innis budget meeting. Will the Tackle Football team get its equipment? Will the track team get its team van? Will the basketball team get its NCAA junket? Heh, heh, Oct. 7 will tell. Be there and participate in democracy.

Well kids, another fun edition of Athletic Letters has come to an end. Aside from all the silliness, though, remember: sports can be fun, especially when they're relaxed, safe and in support of the grooviest college at U of T. So get out there and sweat!!! (before November, when you'll freeze!!!)

Rick'em, rack'em, ruck'em, ruck'em.
Get that ball and really ... er ... fight'em.

Mike Zryd
Men's Athletic Rep

NICE FOOTBALL

by Mike Zryd

Like a phoenix rising from its burnt-out pyre, the Innis men's touch football team has been reborn as the Innis Owls. Following last year's humiliating default out of the league, the Owls hope to return to the glory of 1983, when the Innis Pit-Crew made it to the DIV. II semi-finals.

The line up looked awesome for the first game as John "The Shiek" Caivano and newcomer Walter Hill impressed the coaches with strong throwing arms and Gille Poitras, Steve McCharles, Mike Diben, Anthony Ali and Mitch Chang provided able targets. Our opponents, Victoria College, seeing our obvious physical, metaphysical and moral superiority, thought better of even showing up as we managed to run up a 7, 652-0 default win. Following next week's practice with the B.C. Lions, the team looks to be even stronger as they take on Law Society 16.

The Innis Owls. Poetry in motion; drama incarnate. Scary. Oooooooo...

SO THERE.

by Paul Della Penna

In her first Sports column in the Orientation Issue of *The Innis Herald* Ellen Ladowsky makes some unflattering and potentially libellous remarks about an 'unnamed' Innis professor (clearly Bart Testa) and her two editors. These accusations, cloaked in a sugary, semi-serious tone, do not disguise the plainly evident fact that Ms. Ladowsky, more than biting the hand that feeds her, holds a deep-seated resentment, perhaps hatred of 'intellectual wimps'—a code word for 'artsy-fartsy faggots'—a prejudice these two *Herald* editors cannot tolerate even in the spirit of "good fun". Homophobic slurs may be thought funny in *The Toike*—but not here. Ms. Ladowsky's accusations can and should be challenged. It is not her prehistoric opinions I am concerned with here, but her gross distortions of the truth. Her out-of-context quote attributed to us: "It's pretty trivial stuff..." (referring to Sports in general) is a malicious, self-serving example, typifying her style of journalism. The full sentence I recall, which Jim intoned in grave seriousness was: "It's pretty trivial stuff compared to the impending Nuclear Holocaust". Surely even Ms. Ladowsky would agree with this observation — unless she feels that the World Series shouldn't be preempted in case of a First Strike. Similarly her comment, "Sports writers are labelled 'illiterate' comes from a misunderstanding of a lengthy conversation we once engaged in. I remember saying something to the effect of: "The rate of illiteracy in the third world is staggeringly high—why even sports writers are illiterate..." It would appear that Ms. Ladowsky's selective censoring of my statement obscures the quite obvious deep respect and admiration I hold for all sports writers. But what really galls me, Ellen, is the mean-spiritedness of the whole article—which, had we been more astute, would never have slipped past. Then again, I'd never believe you'd betray us like this. Next time I shall use more discretion in our polite conversation. I don't expect an apology—but it would be nice. No hard feelings, fascist.

BABBLE ON

A.C. is a nice little boy who never did what his mother told him to do after all, he is an Innis student now. Today, as a keen university of Toronto student, he spends his entire day playing intramural sports—especially Co-eds. When there is no scheduled game, he plays hacky-sack on the Innis green-running back and forth like a rabid dog after a small bean-filled leather bag. He thinks that the epitome of a responsible student government is one which overfunds its men's tackle football team after all, what is the college but twenty odd football players? and underfunds anything even remotely intellectual (last year, Innis celebrated its 20th Anniversary and put out the 2nd issue of its literary review.) Little does A.C. know but he is missing a weekly event of international importance—the Innis College Film Society's presentations of humanity's greatest achievements in film. The Film Society is an internationally famous organization run on an ICSS sponsored budget equivalent to about the size of last year's Federal Government fiscal surplus. A.C., poor boy, knows nothing of this situation and will continue to unconsciously deprive himself of the intellectual stimulation unless you help. Tell him about the classic films that he has already missed (ICSS presentation of *The Hills Have Eyes*) even before the film society had begun its year, and tell him about the wonderful animal sounds that he might hear coming from the rugged film students mewing in the back rows of Town Hall after having taken ten little blue pills each earlier in the day (a record). How can A.C. participate in the Film Society's activities if you do not show him the way? Show him the way, and don't forget to bring your avocado colour hair gel, ripped clothes, and a bag of greenies this time!

—an enthusiastic jock harbouring a highly repressed cinophile instinct

MORE INTIMATE REVELATIONS



NUCLEAR WAR BALLOT

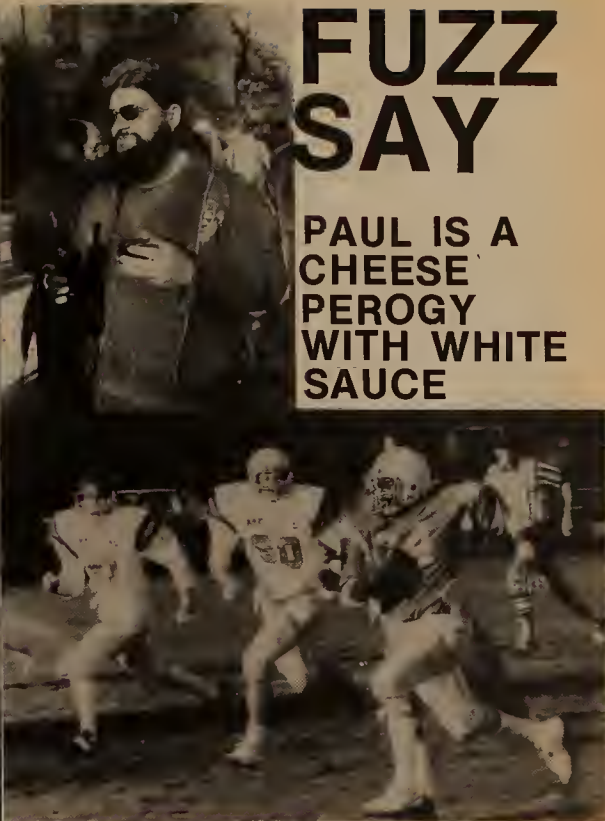


- ☐ YES: Let's have a nuclear war: I'm tired of waiting.
☐ NO: I'd rather wait a little longer.

**DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE:
 OCT. 30 FOR EVERYONE INCLUDING
 SIMON COTTER
 TOUGH BUT FAIR. FORCE YOURSELF.**

FUZZ SAY

**PAUL IS A
 CHEESE
 PEROGY
 WITH WHITE
 SAUCE**



Innis runningback (Ian James) making his moves past Meds. opposition.

UNGODLY HOURS OF THE MORN

by Andrew Liebmann

As has been the case in years past, the women's flag football team is off to an early start this year. Not only have they already played two games this season (and by the time this article is published will have played a third), but the games themselves are early—in the morning! Yes, inconceivable as it may seem, at seven or eight o'clock in the morning you can stumble out to the playing field and see nine of Innis's finest squaring off in mortal combat against other colleges and faculties. Coached by Richard Lautens and Gilles Poitras, with quarterback Anna Marie Baatelan, this year's young team has both enthusiasm and potential.

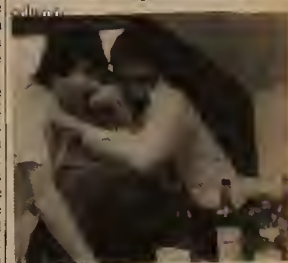
Although winless so far this season coach Lautens is happy with the development of the many inexperienced players, and says he is looking for improvement, which he thinks he will get. It should be noted that even though our girls of the gridiron have faced such traditional powerhouses as PHE they have allowed only one touchdown in each game.

Fan support at these ungodly hours of the morn has been predictably low. **ALTHOUGH** Steve Gold has already gone to work defending his "Fan of the year" award, you still do not need to line up for tickets. But anyone with the dedication to exert themselves in the new mists of dawn deserves some attention. Perhaps at some upcoming game other students will manage to fall out of bed and start the day with a screwdriver-breakfast-party cheering on those wonderful women who are out there defending the honour of Innis. A thought to ponder...

BASEBALL BOOKS

by Ellen Ladowsky

It's almost October; the ivy is turning gold in Wrigley Field, and Billy Martin is brawling with newlyweds and players again. Baseball mania is reaching a fevered pitch. It's that time of year when you fine readers search every nook and cranny of the newspapers for the tiniest tidbit — Garth Iorg's handicap or Jesse Barfield's horoscope — to feed your insatiable desire for baseball. So calm down and stop trying to mainline back issues of Bill James' *Baseball Abstract*; the *Innis Herald* will be running a new feature. In order to help you get through the World Series and the dreaded off-season, each month in the sports section we will review a piece of the growing body of baseball literature. This includes baseball novels, short stories or poems. Anyone who wants to share their favorite baseball read is urged to contribute to this



Graffiti becomes reality: Lindsay misses deadline.

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